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LITERATURE.

The Camden Miscellany. Vol. VII. (Camden Society, 1875.)

THE tractates published in this volume are all of them useful additions to our knowledge of past times, and are without exception conscientiously edited. The one which will be of the least general interest is the churchwardens' account-roll of Bodmin from 1469 to 1472. Such records are "of great concernment" to the architect, the philologist, and the antiquary, but the details they give are always presented in the driest possible form. This Bodmin account-book is no exception to the general rule, but it furnishes one of the most important lists of local guilds we have ever met with, and is specially curious from containing many Southern words, and as furnishing noteworthy examples of local spelling. The greater part of the obsolete words are glossed, but there are a few others which might have been interpreted with advantage. The entry of a payment of five shillings for a "Player yn the church hay" has led, however, to an inaccurate note. The statute of Winchester, 13 Edw. I. c. vi., which forbids fairs and markets being held in churchyards "pur honore de seint eglise," has nothing whatever to do with the custom of performing dramas in churches and churchyards. The practice during the whole of the Middle Ages of using religious buildings and burial-grounds for secular purposes was extremely common. Edward I. himself received the oaths of the competitors for the crown of Scotland in the church of Norham. In 1326, the tythes of Fenham, Fenwick and Beele were collected in the Chapel of Fenham, and when that building would hold no more, the monks of Holy Island turned the chapel attached to their manse into a tythe-barn. Law courts used to be held and books sold in the porch of the church of St. Peter at Sandwich; and, if tradition may be trusted, Lincolnshire farmers have stored their wool in churches almost within human memory. It was to meet some of these abuses that Edward's Act was passed. That they were abuses all good men acknowledged, and they were freely condemned by ecclesiastical writers (See *Myre Instruc. for Parish Priests*, p. 11); but, as is evident from the wording of the Act and from many other sources, certain spiritual persons encouraged these things, and especially the holding markets and fairs in sacred places, because the custom brought money to the Church—that is, to themselves. The enacting of plays in holy places was quite another matter. That did not seem

to the mediaeval mind a desecration, but rather a good and holy exercise, for which the church or churchyard was the most fitting place. The great destruction that has taken place among our parochial records renders it impossible for us to say with certainty that it was the universal custom, but we have ample evidence that these church-plays were very common. So late as 1595 there was a dramatic performance in the church of Leverton, near Boston (*Archæologia* 41, 367).

There is another error it may be well to notice: "for making two *sengele* yn Ilde of Corpus Christi and yn the Chancelere." The editor glosses this: "Figures of wild boars for some ornament, perhaps armorial." This is certainly wrong. *Sanglier* is, indeed, the French for a wild boar, as the readers of *Quentin Durward* will call to mind; but the notion which the Bodmin account-keeper struggled to express in somewhat lumbering spelling had nothing ferocious or armorial about it. What he intended to write was "sinkler"—i. e., a sink, or drain; what we, since the revival of ecclesiastical art in this country, have been accustomed to call a "piscina."

The article on "Boy Bishops" is but a fragment compared with what, under other circumstances, it would have been. It was the intention of the late Mr. John Gough Nichols to compile an exhaustive treatise on these mimic ecclesiastics, as an introduction to two sermons preached by them. Death unhappily cut short his labours when but little had been done beyond collecting together from printed books the principal English notices of boy-bishops and their companions. These notes have been carefully arranged and edited by Dr. Rimbault. As far as they go nothing could be better; but it is very much to be regretted that the Continental customs, with which Mr. Nichols was so competent to deal, have received no illustration at his hands. The two sermons will be new to almost every reader. One has existed up to the present time only in MS.; and of the other, which is by far the more curious of the two, but two copies are known to have come down to us. Its title is "In die Innocentium, Sermo pro Episcopo puerorum." Though preached by the child-bishop it was, of course, written by some one of graver years for the boy's use. Its precise date has not been ascertained, but it must belong to a very late year in the fifteenth century. The language, when not spoiled by useless Latin quotations, is flowing and not ungraceful, reminding one, at times, of a form of English current in the middle of the succeeding century. It is, on the whole, far from a burlesque or satire. The writer, whoever he was, had evidently at heart the desire of blending religious instruction with amusement, and, as the former was very much the more important matter in his eyes, he forgot except by fits and starts that it was incumbent on him to write in character with the occasion. He has, however, now and then, as if by afterthought, tried to enter into the minds of the children, or at least to put in the mouth of the child-bishop some of those conventional things

which school-boys are in the habit of saying of their masters:—

"And for theyr true dyligence that all my maysters the whiche taughte me ony connyng in my youthe gave to me, I wolde they were promytted to be perpetuall felowes and collegeners of that famous college of the Kynges foundacyon in Southwerke that men do call the Kynges Benche. . . . and for by cause charyte is parfyght yf it be extended as well to the ende of lyf as it is in the lyf self, I wolde they sholde end ther lyf in that holy waye the whych often tymes I rade whan I was a Querstir, in the Marteloge of Poules, where many holy bodyes deyed, called in Latyn *Via Tyburtina*."

This seems to us but sorry fooling, but we can well imagine that the lad who read it and those to whom it was addressed would laugh heartily. It is much in the manner of some things in Rabelais, and would be set down as a far-off echo of the words of that supreme jester were it not far too early. We can well imagine that the light words of this sermon would sink deep into the children's young hearts and come back as the words of prophecy when, in after years, they in very truth saw martyrs for the faith—Catholic or Protestant, according to their then convictions—on the sad journey to Tyburn gallows.

Canon Raine has furnished as a contribution to the scanty history of the boy-bishop in England an account-roll, of which it would hardly be possible to exaggerate the interest. It gives the receipts and payments of Nicholas de Newark, guardian of the property of John de Cave, boy-bishop at York, for 1396. The income was mostly made up of presents. Some people gave the lad money, some money's worth. A silver ring, a silk purse, and a silver spoon, are among the presents. William de Kexby, the Precentor, gave xx^d; the Chancellor was more liberal—he contributed ij^d. The Archdeacon of Richmond, the Abbot of St. Mary's Without-the-Walls, and other high ecclesiastics, encouraged the children very liberally, each giving vj^d viij^d.

Many days seem to have been spent in amusements and feasting, with which, no doubt, religious things were blended in a manner very discordant with modern notions. On the second Sunday of his episcopate the child, with his attendants, set out on a long mock visitation of the diocese. The account-roll traces them step by step by the notes of their receipts and expenditure. Running the eyes over this old document is like reading a catalogue of the higher nobles and the nobler monasteries of that great shire. Percy is there as ever the first, Scrope, Roos, Darcy, and Marmion; we find the boys entertained in the great Augustinian house at Bridlington, when we may well imagine some of the party for the first time in their lives caught sight of the sea; thence we trace them to Selby and Pontefract, until they reach another great Yorkshire home of the Augustinians, the priory of St. Oswald of Nostel, built on the margin of the lake that bears its name, and so on to Monk-Bretton, Rievaulx, Byland, Newburgh, and home once more to York. The fancy can well picture this strange cavalcade of humoursome children, acting under some sort of elastic Church discipline, and themselves, it may be, conscious along with their jollity of some religious motive in

their pilgrimage. We are not aware of any other itinerary of this sort being in existence; if more are known it is important that they should be published, for the whole subject is both obscure and interesting. It seems certain that the boy-bishop of Lincoln made an annual visitation from 1501 to 1524, and that Louth was one of the towns visited yearly. The church accounts of that parish show an annual payment of sixpence to the child-bishop, and in a few instances the gift of a pair of gloves. It must not be supposed that sixpence was all that the boy and his companions would receive there. Louth was an important town, and we have good evidence from several quarters that its inhabitants took deep interest in religious concerns. Gifts would flow in upon them of much more value than this small payment, which, as it is always the same, one is led to conclude was a charity left by some deceased Church benefactor in his will.

Where so much is excellent it is really ungracious to find fault, but we must protest against the notion that the boy-bishop was ever permitted to celebrate Mass. Mr. Nichols held strongly the opinion that it was the custom for him to do so (xvii., xix.), and there is a proclamation of King Henry VIII. which asserts this to have been the case in plain words, as well as some strong secondary evidence elsewhere by no means lightly to be discarded. Notwithstanding all this, however, it seems impossible. We believe what really did take place was that the child went through a form at the altar, vested in Eucharistic vestments, which was intentionally made like the Mass in most respects, but from which the act of consecration was omitted.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the historical documents with which Mr. Gardiner has enriched the volume. The speech of Sir Robert Heath on Alexander Leighton's case is interesting, as everything must be that bears on that horrible wrong, which, we believe, even more than ship-money itself led to Edge Hill, Naseby, and the scaffold before Whitehall. The biographical notes concerning Leighton, of which a great part are to be found in the introduction written by the late Mr. Bruce, are perhaps of more value than the document they illustrate, as we for the first time get something like a biography of one who, if neither good nor great in any marked degree, was certainly through the fault of his enemies one of the most noteworthy men of his day. The letters relating to Roe's mission to Gustavus Adolphus are, for the purpose of history proper, the most important part of the volume. We see here as in a picture how incompetent Charles was to manage any concerns which required promptness and direct dealing; how the strange Government of Poland was preparing itself for dissolution a century before the end came; the political intrigues of the Society of Jesus; and among all the noise of politics, trade, and theology we meet at times with Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, bright, light-hearted and genial as ever, who addressed her friend the ambassador as "Honest Thom," assures him that she will always be his "true friend in spite of the

divill," and breaks off from weary talk of politics—Sir Harry Vane, Lord Cottington, and Don Carlos Coloma—to tell how the "hunting at Rene was verie good, where Rura lost much leather and her hatt, and sat bare a whole day, to the great hinderance of her ease." It is worth while to note in passing that Sir Thomas Roe and his correspondents commonly spell the names of foreign towns much less corruptly than is the practice among the people of the present day who compile books of geography or write in newspapers.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

The Peasantry of Bengal. By Romesh Chunder Dutt, B.C.S., Barrister-at-Law. (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co. London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

PROBABLY no measure, devised with the best intentions, has ever left such an heritage of oppression and misery to millions of the human race as the Permanent Settlement of Lord Cornwallis. For the sake of creating a class of landed proprietors, it not only alienated to individuals the rights of the State to the increasing rent of the land, it also handed over to their tender mercies the rights of the whole class of cultivators, and left these for ever as miserable serfs of the soil. With the natural leaning of Englishmen towards the sacred rights of property, the governors of Bengal have been the jealous guardians of the rights of zemindars, which their own policy had created, and the outcry of that class against what they are pleased to call a breach of faith as to the Permanent Settlement has been sufficient to muzzle any attempt to reform abuses, or to protect the cultivating classes. Even the Civil Service of Bengal, led away by the advantages of the private wealth created by the system, have been too much blinded to its evils, and the Indian press is naturally on the side of the powerful aristocracy, and can find little sympathy for the oppressed Helots of the soil. The treatise under notice is written by a Bengal civilian, who is himself a Bengali by birth, brought up as a zemindar at the feet of Gamaliel, and who by his own efforts has made himself one of the official ruling class. The book is an emphatic protest on behalf of the oppressed ryot, and calls on the English Government to face the evils it has created, and to make a new Permanent Settlement on behalf of the ryot with the zemindar, to rectify the former one made on behalf of the zemindar by the State. The advocate of the ryot could not wish for a more unimpeachable witness. As a native he has a familiar knowledge of facts to which no Englishman can lay claim; his instincts by birth are on the side of the system he denounces; the educated Bengali is called upon to bless the zemindarry tenure, and lo! he curses it altogether. His book would gladden the heart of Mr. Long, the missionary, and is the best fruit yet gathered from the measure which threw open the Civil Service of India to the natives.

For a truthful description of the present condition of the Bengal peasantry, I would refer every one interested in the subject to

the book itself. No unprejudiced reader can fail to be convinced of the necessity of some remedial measure, from its candid statement of facts. The step proposed by Romesh Chunder Dutt is simple, sufficient, and just. He suggests that the rates of rent now paid should be carefully ascertained after an extensive survey, and such rates be declared fixed for ever. Such a reform would be in perfect accordance with the intentions of the Permanent Settlement, under which the rights of the cultivators, which in practice have been entirely sacrificed, were professedly reserved. The zemindars would lose none of the legal profit with which they were invested: they would enjoy all fair increase of rent from the extension of the area of cultivation; but a stop would be put once for all to illegal exaction, and the status of the hitherto oppressed ryot would be assured.

As our author admirably puts it, no less measure will be final.

"Every Englishman called upon to administer the country cannot but sympathise with the Ryot, maltreated and ejected by his Zemindar—notwithstanding that such ejection may be sanctified by the law of the land—and it is this sympathy that gives the Ryot confidence and assurance in spite of masses of legislation. If the general awakening at the present moment be put down with a strong hand, and by mistaken legislation, these very English instincts will in a future day cause a fresh rising of the masses, and the problem will rise again and again, demanding a permanent and intelligent solution."

Romesh Chunder Dutt writes vigorous English, and thus sums up the effects of his proposed measure:—

"It will for ever put a stop to Zemindarry extortions and oppression which, in spite of the goodwill and vigour of English administration, have not ceased to the present day: it will bestow the fruits of labour not on a class of enervated idlers, but on those who toil and sweat, and hold the plough: it will bestow the blessings of the British rule on the million, and not on the upper ten thousand; and it will reflect eternal glory on the Crown of England."

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

THE LONDON POOR.

The Wilds of London. By James Greenwood. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1874.)

Homes of the London Poor. By Octavia Hill. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1875.)

THESE two books are very different in appearance and in object, but they have this in common that they give us some insight into the life of the London poor. *Miscellanies* would have been a more appropriate title for Mr. Greenwood's book than *Wilds of London*, for about two-thirds of the volume has little or no connexion with the Metropolis. At page 255 we have a chapter on "The South Coast Fisherman," and the same personage re-appears at page 326. Between the two apparitions we find accounts of visits to Hastings and to the "Derby," and sundry chapters on subjects equally foreign to the title of the book. Those portions that really bring before us some of the little-known phases of London life are pretty equally divided between the criminal and dangerous classes, and the lowest poor who are attempting to earn a precarious living

in the most unremunerative of occupations. There is good reason for calling attention to the pestilent literature which is sold in large numbers under such titles as *The Boy Bandit*, *Claude Duval the dashing Highwayman*, *The Wild Boys of London*, &c., by shopkeepers who ought to be ashamed of their trade, because the fact of its existence requires to be continually hammered into the consciousness of rightminded people until the poison is prohibited and destroyed. The thieves themselves see no romance in their hardworked and miserable lives, and the author remarks of some of the fraternity, with whom he spent an evening at a public-house in the neighbourhood of the Kingsland Road, that they were in evident fear of the landlady, who treated their civil requests with a scowl. Very different heroes these from Dick Turpin, who when carousing in the Red Lion in Drury Lane, cried out, "What ho there, drawer! hand me a light or I'll slice thee to mince-meat," as we read in the veritable history of the *Knights of the Road*. Instead of the party being amused by "Nix my dolly, pals," or "Hurrah for the Road!" the songs most applauded were "Why chime those bells so merrily?" and "Take back those gems." The chapter on these books is well entitled "A Short Way to Newgate." We allow the poison that fills our prisons to be disseminated wholesale, and, when criminals have been punished, we allow facilities for their immediate return to crime. Opposite to the gates of a certain prison is a public-house to which the prisoners, on their discharge, direct their steps, in the sure expectation that they will find some friends ready to stand a pot of beer and a pipe of tobacco. They soon learn what has happened during their retirement, and are again ready to follow their profession. It appears that the prisoner feels the want of his tobacco more than he does the want of spirits and beer, and we learn of several expedients that are resorted to to obtain it. Friends have been known to evade the prison rules by carrying in their mouth a neatly-rolled "quid," and deftly shooting it through the bars when the warder's attention is withdrawn for an instant. At Portland, where free men work with the convicts, an understanding has been come to between them. The free man places the tobacco under a stone, and winks at the convict, who takes it when he has an opportunity. Mr. Greenwood has visited many of the haunts of the lower circles of the sporting world, but the most interesting of his revelations are those relating to the bird-fanciers and their singing matches, in which we find some additions to our slang vocabulary. These men carry their birds about with them in cages tied in a handkerchief, and set them on the table while they smoke and drink. The birds hop about and chirp in the midst of a dense fog of tobacco smoke, and seem as merry as if they were in the fresh air. Goldfinches, chaffinches and linnets are the favourite birds, and the terms of the matches are as follows:—Each man hangs up his bird against the wall in the position he best fancies, and the one that utters the greatest number of perfect notes within a quarter of an hour is the winner. The linnets are said to

possess sixty-four distinct notes, but there is some dispute as to how many "slams" a "slamming" goldfinch can execute within a given time. Mr. Greenwood was long puzzled to understand in what consisted the peculiarity of a "pegging finch," but at length he was enlightened by one Mr. Chick—

"A good pegger should be able to make himself at home anywhere, and pipe up at word of command as well when carried in the jacket pocket as when hanging quiet agin the wall. Dark or light should make no difference to him, nor carrying about, nor nothink."

The pegging chaffinch is used as a decoy in bird-catching expeditions, and by his means as many as twenty singing chaffinches may be captured in a morning.

There is a sad account of those abjectly poor who have no money to spare for any of these amusements, and we can only marvel how they manage to keep life in their bodies at all. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that entitled an "Exploration into Jack Ketch's Warren." The author was conducted over this district by a worthy City missionary, who had gained the confidence of the inhabitants and could explore where few would care to venture. How Mr. Catlin obtained his ascendancy over these people we learn from his own account of an interview with a sweep which nearly cost him his life:—

"He was a very hard character to deal with, and the worst of it was that you could scarcely ever catch him to have a few words with him. When he wasn't out, and in an unfit state to talk with, he was down in his cellar there amongst his soot. But one day I was coming past, and I heard him at work, and, as I thought, in a good humour. I couldn't see him, because the cellar runs a good way under, and is as dark as night, and there wasn't any ladder. 'Never mind,' thought I, 'I'll have a jump for it,' and so I did, and alighted fairly in the middle of a heap of soot as high as my waist. I thought I should have been smothered. In an instant the soot flew up and filled my eyes and nostrils, and there I was floundering until he came to help me. I shouldn't have been surprised if he had grumbled a bit, but as soon as I was able to speak and make some sort of explanation, 'And d'ye mean to say that you've took all this trouble over me?' said he, and from that time we have been the best of friends."

In a room about 12 feet long by 8 feet wide and about the height of a tall man, lived a family whose means of livelihood was the collection of scraps of paper out of the gutters and dustholes. For these they received 1s. per cwt. for the poorest sort, and 1s. 6d. per cwt. for the pretty clean bits.* In another hovel were a man, his wife and sick son. The father was cutting up billets with a sharp knife, while the mother was sharpening the blunt sticks. The price obtained for the cat's-meat skewers was sixpence a thousand, and out of that they had to buy materials—wood, billets, and string. The wood per thousand cost twopence, and if they both worked from morning till night they could cut and point three thousand skewers, and so earn a shilling, out of which

* This is no longer an available occupation, as it appears from the *Journal of the Society of Arts* for November 20, 1874, that these waste scraps of paper can now with difficulty be sold for 6d. per cwt., and often cannot be got rid of even for nothing.

one halfpenny went for string. Yet these poor people pay high rents, and they cannot help doing so, because the things they do can only be done in a big city. This skewer-maker paid 2s. a week for his room, and when Mr. Greenwood suggested that for that sum he might get a three-roomed cottage in the country, he very pertinently replied, "Ah, but they don't use many skewers in them parts." In one of the houses fifty-six persons find shelter, and the rent of the dilapidated, dark, and miserable structure amounts to 26s. a week. As might be expected, these alleys reek with a pestilential atmosphere; water is scarce and little used. Up one alley a man pays no rent for his room on account of his giving the place a wash down every morning; in the next alley the landlord will not pay for the job, so no man can undertake it, but an old woman does it, and the neighbours give her their cinders for her trouble.

It is cheering to turn from Mr. Greenwood's pictures of the houses of the London poor to Miss Hill's account of her successful attempts to better them. Hers is a plan of gradual improvement. She says, "the people's homes are bad, partly because they are badly built and arranged; they are tenfold worse because their habits and lives are what they are. Transplant them to-morrow to healthy and commodious homes, and they would pollute and destroy them." In this scheme the tenants are not driven into cleanliness, but are raised by the sight of something better than what they are used to. Miss Hill gives jobs of whitewashing and painting to lodgers who are out of work, and she has formed a little band of scrubbers. The money thus earned stimulates the workers, and eventually the homes are improved also. "One little girl was so proud of her first cleaning that she stood two hours watching her passage lest the boys, whom she considered as the natural enemies of order and cleanliness, should spoil it" before the "landlady" came to see it. This is a book to be unhesitatingly recommended to all who wish to see their fellow-creatures happier and better. It contains a clear account of the noble work that Miss Hill has been doing for several years, and we sincerely hope that a large army of helpers will flock to the standard she here sets up. There is much to be done, and the remedy must be widespread, for we learn that "since the Metropolitan Association, which was the first to begin the work, commenced its operations some thirty years ago, it and its successors have provided accommodation for only 26,000 people—not a great deal more than half the number which is yearly added to the population of London."

Happily for the final success of these efforts at improvement, they are remunerative, and while sets of two rooms are often let for little more than the rent of one, the financial result is that an interest of five per cent. has been paid, and a certain sum set aside for the repayment of the capital. We may therefore look forward hopefully to the time when the labourers in this large and all-important field will, with the help of the Artisans' Dwellings Bill, make the evil we now groan over a thing of the past. Miss Hill does honour to the wisdom of one of

whom all Englishmen are proud, when she tells us that Mr. Ruskin alone believed the scheme could be worked, and gave fully and freely all the money spent in the first two courts.

Before concluding we have still something more to say about Mr. Greenwood, who pleads for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, and tells what some kind ladies have done for the poor children in Westminster. He visits the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea; he sits on the box with a poor night cabman, who thinks himself fortunate if he "can make up seventeen or eighteen shillings at the end of the week," and often has "been 'bliged to pawn something for a couple of shillins or half-a-crown to make up the gaffer's money;" and ends his book with a serious complaint against Mr. Bumble, the beadle, for his treatment of his old enemy the Casual. It appears that certain paupers have been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for neglecting to perform the task of work assigned to them in return for a supper, night's lodging, and breakfast. By this means the parish officer will shirk some of his responsibility; but, the author adds, "he will not scare away those dexterous-handed ones, the Dodger and his friends. They can perform the oakum trick with ease, and without doubt will continue to avail themselves, to the exclusion of all decent and deserving folk, of the accommodation afforded by the casual ward."

The workhouse system doubtless requires reform, but how this should be begun is a difficult question. The worn-out deserving poor should certainly be separated from the worthless, who at present obtain the chief privileges of the poor-house. Almost all the nearly starving people we have been noticing agree in an invincible dislike to the workhouse. "It's a hard way of getting a crust, but it's better than the work'us," said the poor paper-scraper. "Go to the house yourself; I shan't go to the house; I won't go; what do you mean by it?" shrieked the dying woman, who with a companion lived on less than half-a-crown a week; and "Better in my grave, where I shall be afore long, God willing, but no workhouse for me, thanky," was the answer of the poor rheumatic old soldier, who was gathering watercresses at Hackney three hours before daylight on a winter morning. It is not needful to moralise over such facts as these, as they speak for themselves.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

Transatlantic Sketches. By Henry James, jun. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1875.)

It is a pity that the title of this pleasant little book should be so misleading to English ears. After taking up the volume under the impression that it contains sketches of American life and manners, the English reader experiences a slight shock on discovering that the point of view from which the relative term *Transatlantic* is used is that of an inhabitant of Boston, U.S.A., and that the sketches are mostly of Italy. Mr. James is apparently too modest to look for readers out of America. It is to be

hoped that his work will be found to have a wider interest, and that the title-page of subsequent editions will assume a more cosmopolitan form.

Like Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*, these sketches consist of selections from the notebook which every American seems bound to fill while travelling. More than half the volume is devoted to the author's impressions of the chief Italian towns ordinarily visited by tourists. We have, besides, descriptions of certain cathedrals and picturesque spots in England, some notes on Switzerland and on the Parisian stage, and a few pages about Holland and Belgium. There is, of course, no pretence of systematic or exhaustive treatment. Mr. James wisely does not publish—perhaps more wisely does not write up—his diary, unless he has something to say. Well-worn as is his route, the freshness and individuality of his remarks amply justify his adding another to the many recent books about Italy. His sketches do not come into competition with historical hand-books like *Walks in Rome*, or *Walks in Florence*. His descriptions of Siena and Perugia are too slight to be compared with those in Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Sketches in Italy and Greece*. His knowledge of history and art does not profess to be deeper than that which a man of ordinary cultivation would be likely to possess, and many of his readers will probably sympathise with his predominant impression at Ravenna: "the lively realisation, namely, of my imperfect acquaintance with Gibbon and other cognate authorities." He naïvely describes his appeals to Murray and Baedeker (why does he not use the excellent guide-books of Gsell-fels?), and fairly justifies his claim to the title of "sentimental tourist." All who travel are tourists in Mr. James's eyes:—

"Though as a fastidious few we laugh at Mr. Cook, we have all pretty well come to belong to his party in one way or another. We complain of a hackneyed and cockneyed Europe, but wherever in desperate quest of the untrodden we carry our much-labelled luggage, our bad French, our demand for a sitz-bath and pale ale, we rub off the precious primal bloom of the picturesque, and establish a precedent for unlimited intrusion" (p. 63).

Still there are tourists and tourists, and it would be well if all were as Mr. James is. To read his sketches is like listening to the talk of a genial fellow-traveller, freshly inspired by the presence of some beautiful object. It is not too much to say that he recalls the sweetest memories of travel. Yet he fairly recognises the occasional weariness and waywardness of the traveller's imagination, the variable mood which will not let us always be pleased with what we know should please us, our "alternate radicalism and conservatism in museums and palaces."

In his English sketches, Mr. James is as complimentary to the aesthetic merits of our counties and cathedral towns as Mr. Horace White has recently been to our social and political institutions. An American, "born to the idea that on his walks abroad it is perpetual level wall ahead of him," he finds "a perfect feast of crookedness" in the Chester streets. His descriptions of Wells and Glastonbury are equally enthusiastic. The

Warwickshire landscape indeed "sins by excess of nutritive suggestion; it savours of larder and manger; it is too ovine, too bovine; it is almost asinine." But North Devon makes amends; if at Ilfracombe the comfortable a little too much outweighs the picturesque, Lynton is too enchanting to be described in vulgar prose. Mr. James has but one fault to find with English scenery, that the country is a crowded one. "The English landscape is always 'a landscape with figures.'" It is a relief to an Englishman to find that some of the crowding is due to American "figures," and that Mr. James's own pilgrimage to Haddon Hall was somewhat marred by the thought that the region was "infested," as he apologetically says, by his fellow-countrymen. Yet we may well afford to put up with a little extra crowding for the sake of the appreciation of the old country, which her cultivated American visitors have always shown. If Mr. James's praises of our cathedrals are hardly a match for the powerful piece of special pleading on the opposite side which Mr. Ruskin has inserted in his *Stones of Venice* as an introduction to St. Mark's, he nevertheless shows himself a worthy successor of Washington Irving and Hawthorne. His sketches contrast very favourably in point of terseness and general effect with the moralisings on Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon in Irving's *Sketch Book*, and are richer in colour, if less solid and penetrative, than Hawthorne's notes on Lichfield and Peterborough.

It is the Italian part, however, of Mr. James's diary which is most attractive. He has the genuine Italian enthusiasm. As he descends the St. Gothard from Bellinzona to Como, the beauty of Italy lies spread before him—

"in the luxurious tangle of Nature and the familiar picturesqueness of man; in the lawn-like slopes, where the great grouped chestnuts make so cool a shadow in so warm a light; in the rusty vineyards, the littered cornfields, and the tawdry wayside shrines. But, most of all, it is the deep yellow light which enchants you and tells you where you are. See it come filtering down through a vine-covered trellis on the red handkerchief with which a ragged *contadina* has bound her hair, and all the magic of Italy, to the eye, seems to make an aureole about the poor girl's head" (p. 251).

Exactly the same vein of sentiment runs through his descriptions of the towns. It is not merely the famous churches and palaces which attract his eye: dingy arcades, grass-grown piazzas, out-of-the-way street-corners, mouldering fragments of sculpture, all have their charm. The enthusiast cares for everything of Italy—Italian flowers, Italian marbles, even Italian dirt.

"What you call dirt," an excellent authority has affirmed, "I call colour"; and it is certain that if cleanliness is next to godliness, it is a very distant neighbour to *chiaroscuro*. That I have come to relish dirt as dirt I hesitate yet awhile to affirm; but I admit that as I walk about the streets, and glance under black archways into dim old courts, and up mouldering palace façades at the coloured rags that flap over the twisted balustrades of balconies, I find I very much enjoy their 'tone'" (p. 120).

(It is only fair to add that subsequent remarks about the accommodation at Cortona

and Siena make it perfectly clear that Mr. James does not relish dirt as dirt in his hotel.) Perhaps this intense passion for everything Italian tends to make the author occasionally too facile and uncritical, and it certainly is responsible for the view—superficial as he himself admits—that Germany is ugly. Still an Italian enthusiasm is a very pardonable weakness, especially in an American who feels his country's want of a past. There is something pathetic—a sense of yearning as for a birthright withheld—about the conclusion of the reverie in the Boboli gardens:—

"There hovers over the place a perfume of something done. We can build gardens in America, adorned with every device of horticulture; but we unfortunately cannot scatter abroad this strange historic aroma, more exquisite than the rarest roses" (p. 314).

Mr. James is certainly not a professed art-critic, but his desultory remarks on pictures and painters are vigorous, definite, and, within their limits, appreciative. It is not to be expected, of course, that the pictures which he selects for special mention should be always those which have most pleased his readers. Yet it is strange to find no mention of Luini at Milan, or of Luca Signorelli at Siena. It is a mistake, too, to talk of "the two great works of Orcagna" in the Campo Santo, as if there were no doubt about their authorship. Perhaps the most effective critiques are those on Tintoret (p. 90), Perugino (p. 225), Sodoma (p. 266), and Rubens (p. 395). Sodoma's *Christ bound to the Column* is well described as "resolutely pathetic," and it is a characteristic remark that Perugino's portrait of himself "might serve for the likeness of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman in Bunyan's allegory." The account of Botticelli would hardly, perhaps, be thought adequate by Mr. Pater, but there is truth, if not originality, in the idea that Botticelli of all painters stands in the closest relation to the modern pre-Raphaelites:—"When we read Mr. William Morris's poetry, when we look at Mr. Rossetti's pictures, we are enjoying, among other things, a certain amount of diluted Botticelli."

There are a few expressions in the sketches against which an English reader feels bound to protest: such as "vastly picturesque"—"the blessed arcades of Italy"—"the Florentines may rest on their laurels all along the line." But Mr. James exhibits, as a rule, a success in phrasing, which makes one willingly pardon an occasional slip. If the charm which one experiences in reading his book is partly due to memories of the past or anticipations of the future, it is still more due to the happiness of his language, the liveliness of his fancy, his quiet humour, and, above all, the sentimental colouring with which his descriptions are charged. H. G. WOODS.

Histoire Diplomatique de la Guerre Franco-Allemande. Par Albert Sorel, professeur à l'école libre des sciences politiques. (Paris: E. Plon, 1875.)

M. SOREL has not had new and unedited pieces at his disposal for the composition of his work: we do not, at any rate, find there-

in any of those diplomatic indiscretions, those illegitimate publications of secret papers, which form the only interest of most of the books published by the personages who have taken part in the events of 1870-71; but he has been the first to subject the numerous documents published to a minute and sagacious criticism, and has extracted from them light and truth. He was, besides, personally engaged in the negotiations conducted during the war by M. de Chaudordy, and if his testimony in this part of the narrative has not as much objective impartiality as it has in the preceding and following portions, it possesses the interest attaching to a keen-sighted eye-witness of events in which he has himself taken part.

The five first chapters, devoted to the Hohenzollern candidature, the negotiations of Ems, and the declaration of war, are perhaps the most remarkable in the work. I do not think anyone has ever better disentangled, not only the different threads of a diplomatic intrigue, but also the secret psychological springs which have been the true cause of events. The part taken therein by Bismarck is analysed with as much subtlety as moderation: M. Sorel shows him to have been desirous of war, but, nevertheless, unwilling to assume the responsibility of it, ready to take advantage of peace as of war, and to take the folly, the weakness and the ignorance of the Imperial Government into account in his calculations with enough precision to find events turn out exactly as he had foreseen. It is in the history of the pretended offence offered by M. Benedetti to the King of Prussia that M. Sorel has displayed most sagacity. It will be remembered that the French Ministry and several members of the Chamber of Deputies asserted that M. Benedetti had given notice of this offence by telegraph; this was false, and M. Benedetti has entirely freed himself from responsibility on that score. Nevertheless, at the same time, an account of this pretended offence was sent by Bismarck to all the Prussian agents, and it was by this means that the French Government obtained cognisance of it. From whence did this false news reach Bismarck? It is very probable, as M. Sorel supposes, that the despatch was fabricated at Berlin, under the eyes of the Chancellor, and that its object was to precipitate events, to inflame minds at once in France and Germany, and to make up for what, in his minister's eyes, was too pacific and conciliatory in the conduct of King William. Most assuredly this despatch was not the cause of the war, since the war was decided upon in the counsels of the French Government, but it is *piquant* to observe that the only serious offence committed by France against Prussia was invented at Berlin, and that the Emperor's ministers so obligingly made themselves the accomplices of Bismarck.

M. Sorel's verdict on the Empire is all the more terrible that it does not bear the impress of passion; it is the cold and decisive expression of history. The author is careful neither to approve nor to blame the Revolution of September 4. He records it as an inevitable catastrophe.

"The Empire," says he, "had not taken deep roots in men's minds (n'avait pas formé de pro-

fondes assises dans les âmes). Blind confidence, exaggerated prosperity, were its principal instruments of dominion. If it lost its *prestige*, it lost its *raison d'être*; so was not loved for its own sake, but for the advantages it procured. This Government had worked the country too much; the country felt this too much for very deep regrets to exist. Those who had so enjoyed France could hardly talk of ingratitude when France forsook them. Besides, they had never asked of her but one thing—to give herself up to them. They answered for the public welfare, they were taken at their word. When they fell, so far from thinking of supporting them, the nation deemed itself betrayed by them. They were not pitied, they were condemned."

M. Sorel also disposes of an assertion often repeated by the partisans of the Empire—namely, that if the Revolution of September 4 had not taken place, France would not have lost Alsace and Lorraine. He proves by an aggregate of most conclusive facts that the conquests assured to Prussia by the Treaty of Frankfurt had been fixed by her from the outset, and that her intentions on this head were declared from the month of August.

Indeed, things were involved in such a manner that events unwound themselves by a kind of fatality, and that there existed no diplomacy which could have modified their course. M. Sorel says so several times, but it appears to me that he has not always remembered this sufficiently in that part of his book relating to the negotiations undertaken during the war. After having rightly said that the Imperial diplomacy would have been powerless to obtain better conditions of peace than the diplomacy of the Government of National Defence, he seems to attach an exaggerated importance to the plans and combinations of M. de Chaudordy, which may have been conceived according to all rules and in conformity with diplomatic traditions, but which were inevitably to fail, owing to the force of circumstances. He is also very severe upon England, and I am willing to believe that the statesmen who managed foreign affairs at that time did not rise to the height of the occasion; but is it easy to act when one knows that, whatever may be done, one cannot in any way alter results? The antagonism of Russia and of Austria on the one hand, the designs of Italy upon Rome on the other, those of Russia in relation to the revision of the Treaty of Paris, made Russia and Italy tacit allies of Prussia, reduced Austria and England to impotence, and gave France over, without defence, to her enemy. M. Thiers—whom M. Sorel judges with excessive severity, reproaching him for having allowed himself to be taken in by Russia, and for having thwarted M. de Chaudordy's efforts to draw nearer to England—may, indeed, have, according to his habit, given way to exaggerated hopes and unseasonable optimism; but he none the less took a true view of the state of affairs when he thought that Russia alone could modify the situation of France, and that from the moment Russia would not do so, all was lost beyond recovery.

Generally speaking, it appears to me that in all those parts of the work in which M. Sorel relates facts in which he personally took part, he has too much confined himself

to relating the details of diplomatic negotiations, and does not lay sufficient stress on the moral and psychological motives which guided or hindered them. He has done this for Jules Favre, and while bringing to light the grave faults committed by this assize-lawyer, made Minister of Foreign Affairs on the spur of the moment, he gives prominence to all that was generous, disinterested and even heroic in his conduct. But he has not, on other occasions, laid sufficient stress upon the psychology of the history he had to tell. He has not stopped to analyse the character of M. Thiers, doubtless because he dreaded giving way to an instinctive antipathy which, in spite of himself, breaks out in many a passage. He has not, though he has pointed them out, dwelt sufficiently upon the difficulties created by the moral disposition of the Parisians towards all negotiations for an armistice. He even seems to share in the opinion which prevailed at the end of the month of October, 1870, and caused the refusal of an armistice without revictualling, the armies retaining their respective positions. It is, however, evident that such an armistice was entirely to the advantage of the French. Paris remained in exactly the same situation, while the armies of the Loire could be reinforced, and Frederick Charles continued motionless before Metz. At the end of the armistice the French might have beaten the Bavarian army at Orleans as they did at Coulmiers, and found themselves in a condition to march on immediately, instead of being stopped as they were by Frederick Charles's army.

The part played by Russian diplomacy is one of the points best treated in M. Sorel's book. He shows wonderfully well with what skill Russia contrived to evince enough sympathy with France to prevent her from drawing closer to England, and at the same time to obtain from Prussia more complete liberty of action in the matter of the Black Sea. Amenities shown to France were to Russian diplomacy but means of making Prussia feel the worth of its friendship. With a diplomacy so cold, so sagacious, and so prudent, M. Sorel contrasts the sentimentality of M. Jules Favre, who refused to go to the London Conference, and thus lost the only chance of producing an intervention on the part of Europe, and a mitigation of the conditions of peace, because he would not appear to fly from besieged, bombarded, and famished Paris.

In the last chapters of his work, devoted to the negotiations of the peace of Frankfurt and to the evacuation of the territory, M. Sorel has denied himself all vain recriminations, while showing with what inexorable rigour Prussia made the most of each of the difficulties which the insurrection of the Commune, succeeding to the disasters of war, raised against the French Government.

M. Sorel has, in his introduction and conclusion, pointed out the philosophy of his subject, and what lessons France may draw from the tragical events of 1870-71. None of those ostensibly patriotic declarations in which one seeks consolation for past defeats by the faults or the lives of one's enemies, and by the hope of future reprisals, are here to be found. M. Sorel accepts the sentence

of history, and thinks with Schiller that "Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht." He even thinks that good intentions, ignorance, and negligence are no excuse for politicians. Political morality requires that those who throw their country into such disasters as those of 1870-71 should be considered great criminals, and bear the penalty of their want of success. Finally, he sees the true cause of French defeat in the shortcomings of national education, in a want of seriousness, of solidity of character, which may be imputed to the whole nation; and, instead of preaching the duty of prompt reprisals by force, he exhorts his fellow-citizens first to regenerate themselves, and regards the reform of public education as the first duty imposed by the events of the last war.

M. Sorel's monarchical regrets have made him unjust towards the diplomacy of the Government of National Defence and that of M. Thiers. He several times recalls recollections of Talleyrand at Vienna, and contrasts these with the impotence of the diplomatists of the third Republic. Nothing can be more unfair. Talleyrand spoke in the name of a country which for twenty years had made head against the whole of Europe, and which had only been beaten by a coalition; he addressed himself to allied but rival Powers, having equal rights and opposing interests. France had in 1871 experienced nothing but reverses; and these unparalleled defeats were inflicted by one single Power. Prussia had a right to speak alone, and she was served by the interests of Russia and of Italy, as also by the fears and weakness of Austria. England could only have opposed her wishes in an altogether platonic manner, and would have been but ill-disposed to make efforts the futility of which she knew beforehand. France Monarchical would not in 1871 have been more fortunate than France Republican.

This is the only point on which M. Sorel seems to me to have failed in his habitual impartiality and objectivity. This, however, takes nothing from the solidity of his book, which is unquestionably one of the most remarkable historical works that France has seen for a long time. G. MONOD.

RECENT CONTROVERSY ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Protestantism and Catholicism, in their Bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations. By Emile de Laveleye. With an Introductory Letter by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (London: John Murray, 1875.)

Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism. By John Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. William McDonald, Rector of the Irish College, Salamanca. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1874.)

The New Reformation: a Narrative of the Old Catholic Movement. By Theodorus. (London: Longmans & Co., 1875.)

THERE is sufficient real depth and scope for intellectual vigour in the political and religious controversies of our time to make it remarkable that more literary and scientific

ability is not engaged in their conduct. The questions of Church and State, Catholicism and Protestantism, Legitimacy and Liberalism, Cosmopolitanism and Patriotism, call forth newspaper articles by thousands and pamphlets by scores: it is to be wished that some of the disputants had the patience to concentrate their thoughts in a volume. As it is, of the three authors before us, M. de Laveleye, the most eminent, gives us what does not pretend to be more than a pamphlet, in seventy pages, with paper covers. "Theodorus'" book is a volume in form, but in substance a *résumé* of the newspaper and pamphlet records of his subject during the last four or five years. The Marquis of Valdegamas alone, because he lived more apart from the main current of intellectual activity, has found the leisure to think out all that he thinks, and say what he has to say as well as he can say it; but, for the same reason, there is a certain narrowness in his thoughts and eccentricity in his mode of expression that prevents even his book having an assured and permanent literary value.

As to M. de Laveleye's pamphlet, its thesis will appear to Englishmen a truism, so familiar as to be oftener exaggerated than neglected. Everybody here knows that Protestant countries have been more progressive than Catholic, and that with few exceptions they have, in the ages since the Reformation and the contemporary growth of absolutism, been more successful in working their way into political freedom. Every one knows it so well that when Mr. Hepworth Dixon visits the Canton of Appenzell we expect him to find the Protestant part of it flourishing and the Catholic miserable. M. de Laveleye, not knowing that everybody expects him so to find it, cites Mr. Hepworth Dixon as an impartial witness to the fact. He might just as well have cited Murray's *Handbook*, which makes the same assertion. Less typical Englishmen than Mr. Hepworth Dixon sometimes fail to see the difference.

But still this is a point of detail, and it cannot be denied that the thesis is true in the main. Admitting then the fact, what is its cause, and what should be its lesson? Lesson, according to M. de Laveleye, there is none, except for Protestant nations to hold fast their Protestantism; countries that, like France and Spain, had the misfortune to take the wrong side in the sixteenth century have lost their one chance, and cannot hope to escape from the alternations of despotism and anarchy in which they labour now. But a suggestion is made, not of course very clearly or explicitly, but yet one which seems to explain the success of Protestantism in a manner not altogether favourable to its truth. Protestantism is a compromise between the religious and the secularist spirit; and it answers better than either, because both this world and the other are realities—one self-destructive, and the other destructive of all but itself.

It is the fault of Donoso Cortes' book that he fails to see that this Christian dualism suggests the practical utility of a compromise, which he may call anti-Christian if he likes. A kingdom not of this world cannot expect to govern this world so well, or to be so popular in it, as a kingdom that *was* of this world, if only this world were able to

produce one. He is quite successful in proving that it cannot—that religion is the only practical alternative to anarchy and dissolution of society: and his statement of what the Catholic Church does or has done for society is often eloquent, even in Father McDonald's halting translation. But, while he proves that Catholicism can keep society together when nothing else can, he fails in proving that it can make society advance in the directions it desires: and this Liberalism can do, until its advance brings it into collision with that Stone on which whosoever falls shall be broken. It is as easy now to tabulate the inconsistencies of Liberalism as it was in Bossuet's time to enumerate the variations of Protestantism: but Liberal principles, whether in religious thought or in the more general regulation of life, do the work men require of them: and most men, Liberals included, care more for success in life than for the knowledge of unpractical or unpleasant truths.

"Theodorus," like M. de Laveleye, is too good a Protestant to admit expressly that any non-Catholic religion is a compromise with irreligion: and, being less of a political philosopher than he, he does not come so near to admitting it by implication. He cannot conceive that anybody will deny, as Donoso Cortes does (using rather captious arguments for the denial, which, however, proceeds from a sound instinct), that the only sure means of arriving at truth is by free discussion. He easily proves that, at the Vatican Council, the discussion was not free: and he thence infers that there is no security whatever that the right side prevailed. So far, of course, the conclusion is clear and legitimate; the Vatican Council has no claim to the respect of any Protestant or Liberal; but one could wish that the author were able to see that its claim to the reverence of Catholics is scarcely affected by his allegations. It is not exactly virtuous, on Catholic principles, to bully or howl down anybody; but still the reason why the intelligent minority in the Council were bullied by the Roman wire-pullers, or howled down by the stupid majority, was that they were out of harmony with the sentiment of the Catholic world. Now, anyone not a Catholic may think that they were right and the Catholic world wrong, but in the eyes of any Catholic (their own included) the fact of opposition to the Catholic world is its own condemnation. It is really much to be wished that "Old Catholics" and Liberals generally would admit that there is no dishonesty or cowardice in the submission to the doctrine of infallibility, when pronounced, of those who opposed it before it was pronounced.

As a history of the Old Catholic movement, "Theodorus" work is likely to be useful, or at least convenient. His "Historical Introduction" is substantially fair and tolerably accurate: his account of the Vatican Council not unfair, though he seems to have used none but hostile sources; and his account of the later proceedings of the schismatical body gives all the information that can be wished. But for insight into the principles at stake we may look in vain. If the history of Old Catholicism has any significance, it is that a Liberal Catholic is a

monster—that a man may be a Catholic or a Liberal, or he may be neither in attempting to be both. "Theodorus" puts as mottoes on his title-page expressions of sympathy with the movement from Dean Stanley and Canon Liddon; he could not better have expressed how little spiritual consistency the movement has and must have.

WILLIAM HENRY SIMCOX.

Preliminary Report of the Epping Forest Commission, Dated February 27, 1875. (London: Printed by Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

THE Report of the Epping Forest Commission is a somewhat disappointing document. After an enquiry extending over nearly four years, and taking a mass of evidence that occupies some 3,000 printed pages, some twelve pages contain the Report of the commissioners. It only briefly recounts their proceedings, and indicates the line of the different arguments adopted before them, but it contains a promise, which we shall hope to see fulfilled in their final Report next year, of giving a full account of the customs and matters relating to the forest. But, meagre as the Report is, some very interesting facts are to be found in it in relation to the early history of the forest and those celebrated Forest Laws. It proves conclusively that several popular theories on the subject are untenable; and it opens out a new source of evidence from which very important instances may be cited as to the ancient history of landed property and the ancient customs of villages.

The popular idea that the Conqueror introduced the Forest Laws is refuted by the evidence that the Forest of Waltham existed as a forest, and was under the control of the Forest Laws, long before the Conquest, and we find it stated that of only two of our forests can any date be fixed as to when they were afforested, viz., the New Forest and Hampton Court, and that the other forests of the country, whenever they might have been made, existed long before the time usually assigned for their origin.

The great question at issue in the Chancery suit of the Commissioners of Sewers v. Glasse, and also before the commissioners was, Were the enclosures made by the lords of the different manors within the forest legal or not? and this involved the further question, Had all the persons who dwelt in the forest a right of common over the whole waste of the forest, or only over the waste of the particular manor in which they dwelt? Within the forest there were twenty-three manors, and the lords contended that the right of common was confined to each manor; the commoners contended that the right existed over the whole twenty-three. To prove this they showed that the manor never formed a unit in the forestal divisions—or, in other words, that the forest was much anterior to the existence of manors; that here we met with a state of things that existed over all the country anterior to the time when manors were formed. The parish was the division; the regulations as to the forest were enforced, not in the manorial but in the parochial courts, not in the court leet but in the vestry—or, in other words, the units of the

forest were a series of village communities, and the inhabitants, not the lord, were the governors of the forest. It was proved clearly that any beast marked with a brand known as the forest-brand had a right to wander over the whole forest. Each parish had its own brand, which was kept by the parish officer, the reeve, who was elected by the parishioners in the vestry. The reeve used to attend on four fixed days in the year at fixed places for marking the cattle, and was entitled to a fee of 3d. a head for each beast marked. They also marked cattle at other times if brought to them for the purpose, but were entitled to be paid a larger fee for this. This custom of marking still exists, and the present Reeves value the fees they derive from it at an average of 13l. a year.

This right of intercommoning over the whole waste of the forest, regulated by parish officers, seems to have formed a point of dispute with the different lords of the manor; for a long period of years it was, in fact, the struggle that went on all over the country, whether the old parochial system of local government was to be superseded by the manorial. Almost everywhere, except in the area of the Royal Forest, the lords of the manors were successful: that they failed in the forests was owing mainly to the Forest Courts.

These courts were the Court of Attachment, or Forty-day Court, the Court of Swainmote, and the Justice Seat. The Court of Attachment used to meet every forty days and hear presentments of offences as to vert and venison; in this court the verderers were the judges. The rolls of the court from 1713 to 1849 have been published by the Commissioners; the earlier ones seem to have been lost. The Court of Swainmote, which had power of imposing penalties, does not seem to have been held in Epping Forest since the reign of Charles I. The Justice Seat, held before the King's Justice in Eyre, has practically fallen into abeyance, for the office of Justice in Eyre was abolished by a statute in the reign of George III., and the duties appertaining to it were subsequently vested in the First Commissioner of Works.

With the forest institutions thus decaying, the lords of the manor seem to have made a bold stroke to gain the whole control of the forest. Since the beginning of the present reign the Forest Laws have been practically in abeyance, and the age of inclosures has begun. This fact, the enclosure of the forest land, shows more forcibly than anything else the decline and decay of the forest laws. Before 1600, it seems from the forest records that only six acres of the forest had been inclosed; in the next century only four acres; between 1700 and 1800 some seventy acres; in the next fifty years 600 acres; but since 1851 over 3,600 were inclosed from the waste. Had the Forest Courts retained any of their old power, these wholesale enclosures would never have been allowed.

But still, though the Forest Courts were in abeyance, the forest customs remained. The Fence month was observed, officers were appointed, the Crown refused to allow any one to shoot without its licence, and enforced its forestal rights in some cases. These

rights the Crown found were of some pecuniary value, and so sold them to the landowners at a price varying from 4*l.* to 5*l.* an acre. In this way, out of a total of some 6,000 acres, of which the present waste of the forest consists, over about 3,500 the forestal rights were sold. The lords of the manors vehemently contended that the forest has ceased to be a forest, alleging among other arguments that it was no longer replenished with "beasts of venerie and chase;" but the commissioners have distinctly decided against the lords on this point.

Over the 6,000 acres, the present waste of the forest, various persons have put in claims to rights which the commissioners are now engaged in deciding upon. Some of these claims are curious; the City of London claims the right for the celebrated Epping Hunt—

"That the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of the City of London, and their predecessors, from time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary have been accustomed and still of right ought to have a right of hunting in the Forest, by themselves, their families, and servants, beasts of the chase and Forest."

The claim of the Lord Warden contains the following items:—

"Amerciements of all Courts, Swainmotes, and all other Courts called 'Wood Courts,' holden or to be holden within the Forest (except for venison and the bodies of oak).

"Of every covert and every haia called a hedge-row, sold, or exposed for sale within the Forest, of every shilling one penny.

"Tolls for carriages and horses, and packs of wool, within the Forest in every year during fifteen days before the Feast of the Nativity, and during fifteen days after the said feast, and upon the said feast day.

"Of every great wood sold or to be exposed for sale within the Forest, the second best oak, and also of the seller and buyer, one ton and one crossbow, and one penny besides of every shilling produced by such sale.

"The gaol or prison of Stratford Langthorne for the safe custody of offenders in the Forest. The right to appoint the gaoler or keeper of the said prison, and vert and venison without stint."

We look forward with considerable interest to the final Report of the commission. As appears from this Report they have collected abundant materials from which to give us a complete history of the forest. The documents, they say, extend from the reign of Edward the Confessor to the present day, and we thus hope to have a history of those Forest Laws which we have been taught were so arbitrary, but which seem to have had some reason for their existence beside the mere preservation of game.

J. W. WILLIS BUND.

NEW NOVELS.

Lady Louise. By Kathleen Isabelle Clarges. Three Vols. (London: Samuel Tinsley, 1875.)

The Shadow of Erksdale. By Bourton Marshall. Three Vols. (London: Samuel Tinsley, 1875.)

A Modern Parrhasius. By E. O. Blanchard and A. A. Clemes. Three Vols. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

Signed in Haste. A Story in Two Parts. By Bertie. (London: Smart & Allen, 1875.)

"LADY LOUISE" has scarcely the right to put herself on the title-page of Miss Clarges'

novel as its heroine, for although she is the choice prize for which the hero, or one of the heroes, contends, and thus ranks technically as *première dame*, yet she does nothing but stand about handsomely dressed on two or three occasions in the narrative, and is only a milliner's doll of the fashions, neither saying nor doing anything, except once tumbling down a cliff, of the least importance to anybody. Two other characters in the story, Miriam Fairleigh and Eva de Winton, have a much better right to the rank of first lady, so far as active share in the plot and distinct impersonation are concerned. A consequent fault is that episodes which the author means to be subordinate push the main plot off the stage, and usurp such interest as the book possesses; for the *premier jeune homme* is of as little account in the story as the lady he admires, and serves merely as a peg on which to hang some Crimean scenes, which have been conscientiously adapted from the *Times* correspondence in 1854-1855, and wrought neatly into the woof of the novel. There is an episode of a false marriage and its ending, which is the best thing in the book, and so handled as to promise better work next time, if Miss Clarges will only take pains.

"The Shadow of Erksdale" is a very deep one indeed, no less than a secret debt of 20,000*l.*, running for so many years that, with compound interest accumulating even at three and a half per cent., it forms a very uncomfortable subject for meditation to the debtor who cannot pay it, and to the creditor who cannot get it. The point is brought out with some ingenuity by representing the debtor as a squire nearly mad with pride on the score of his unbroken pedigree in the male line from a Noblespeare on the Battle Abbey Roll, and the creditor, a mere country Dr. Aungier, who is, however, much more certainly the great grandson and representative of a Jacobite Earl Aungier beheaded in 1745, than his debtor and foe is a lineal descendant of a Norman noble. The story turns on the courtship of the squire's son and the doctor's daughter, and has the merit of some very tolerable character-drawing, though by a comparatively unpractised hand. It is worth pointing out that when a special study, such as genealogy, is dragged repeatedly into a story with the desire of letting the author's mastery of it be understood, it is as well not to make two such errors as are involved in the names and histories of the rival houses. In the first place, no name approximately like Noblespeare in its formation—here a hybrid of French and English—either was or could possibly have been on any roll of the Norman invaders. There are plenty of local appellatives, like Beauchamp and Montagu; of titles derived from offices, like Despencer and Chamberlaine; of patronymics, such as Fitz Roger; there is one Longspes, presumably Longue-épée, but neither in Duchesne, nor Bromton, nor Leland is there the like of Noblespeare. The other mistake is no better. The Aungiers were Protestant refugees of the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and there was not time to convert their descendant into a Jacobite peer and defender of a Roman Catholic autocrat be-

tween 1685 and 1745. It would have been just as easy to have taken any name which did not bear the Huguenot mark quite so distinctly. It may be added that occasional scraps of theological controversy, much in the style of those in Plumer Ward's forgotten *Tremaine*, do not improve the quality of the book.

The joint writers of *A Modern Parrhasius* appear to have entered into partnership for the purpose of giving more variety of treatment to the difficult style of narrative they adopt than is feasible with a single author. Their plan is to make it consist of three monologues, two of them by ladies and one by a gentleman. The ladies are, severally, a strong-minded spinster and a weak-minded clergywoman; the gentleman is a doctor of brilliant abilities, and the Parrhasius of the book. It is not easy for one writer to keep two distinct strands of story twining so as to be clearly discernible one from the other, and to make each part of the narrative dramatically appropriate to the supposed speaker or writer without mixing them up, and substituting the author's own personality for either or both. Mrs. Craik tried it in *A Life for a Life*, one of her less successful stories, and cannot be said to have done it very well; and, of course, the difficulty is much increased by introducing a tritagonist, as in the book before us. As it is, the two ladies at first write very like one another, though one is represented as clever and the other as a fool; and, albeit the likeness wears off later, yet it is enough to suggest that one hand drew both, while the doctor was entrusted to the other. The title of the book has nothing to do with painting, for it is not an art-novel. It takes its rise from Seneca's legend that Parrhasius tortured an old captive to death, in order to get hints for his picture of *Prometheus Gnaued by the Vulture*. Only the writers have got the story from Burton, and not from Seneca. They apply it to a doctor who deliberately sacrifices a woman, body and soul, by using her as a mesmeric medium and clairvoyante. The precise notion is but the expansion of a brief episode, much more delicately handled, in Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, with a point or two from Lord Lytton's *Strange Story*. It is readable enough, and not without clever touches, especially in the part assigned to Elizabeth Russell; but the authors might have known better than to represent their brilliant scientific doctor as describing the processes of mesmerism as being magnetic—a delusion which was exposed so far back as 1785 by Bailly, Franklin, and Lavoisier, acting as members of a commission named by the Ministers of Louis XVI. to inquire into Mesmer's pretensions. A common charlatan might use such language publicly; a scientist would never employ it in his own most private diary.

Signed in Haste is the slightest of novellettes, turning entirely on the misconstruction of a too rapidly concluded letter written to India. The anonymous author is very inexperienced, and has not got out of the jerkiness of style usual with beginners. But the book exhibits one faculty which is by no means too common. The conversation in it is really like what the sort of people de-

picted would probably say under the circumstances imagined, and though their talk is for the most part poor enough, yet it is not also unreal, as the greater part of the dialogue one reads is. Here is a vein which is worth working out a little more, and if "Bertie" can get next time a plot of somewhat stronger texture, and a better company together, their conversation ought to make the new book sell. *Signed in Haste* has been signed in so much haste that there has been no time left for correcting the press, nor even for getting the volume bound. The imprint, however, is Guernsey, and there may have been local obstacles.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Cates's Dictionary of General Biography (Longmans) has been before the public for the last eight years in its enlarged form, and has met with deserved approval. So far as we have been able to test the merits of the work, we have found it superior to most of its rivals in accuracy, completeness and impartiality. The new edition is not a mere reprint of the original book, but contains much extra matter and many useful corrections. Annexed to it is a supplement of about 160 pages, in which are noticed 550 "eminent persons recently deceased." The eminence of some is not very remarkable, and we doubt whether they will retain their place in a Dictionary the pages of which are already inconveniently crowded. We think that space might be saved by curtailing the length of some of the memoirs, which are occasionally out of proportion to the importance of their subject. Thus the Duke of Persigny occupies more space than Lord Bacon, Guizot than William Pitt, and Sir Edwin Landseer than Sir Joshua Reynolds. Some few omissions also we notice, in no spirit of disparagement, but to aid the industrious compiler of the Dictionary in attaining the still higher degree of completeness at which he aims. We look in vain for any account of Thomas Blount, the legal antiquary; of Nicholas Hereford, Wickliffe's co-adjutor; and of Bishop Miles Smith, who wrote the preface to our English Bible. Beau Nash finds a place in the Dictionary, but none is given to Nash, the dramatist; the De la Poles are treated at great length, but not one of the De Bohuns is mentioned; Lord Burleigh is commemorated, but neither Burley the schoolman nor his illustrious kinsmen are noticed. Such oversights as these are almost inseparable from a work of this nature and magnitude, and scarcely detract from its value as a book of reference.

THE second volume of *Molière's Dramatic Works*, translated by H. von Laun (Edinburgh: Paterson), shows in most points a very decided improvement upon the first. The only drawback to the completeness of the get-up—the absence of running headings, on which we commented in the ACADEMY some months ago—has, we are glad to see, been removed. The translation itself has gained very much in spirit and freedom, the rendering of the charming "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes" being specially successful, and pleasant to read even after the original. Mr. Von Laun's illustrations of the performances of Molière's English followers—or plunderers—continue to be very interesting; and of M. Lalauze's etchings it may, at the very least, be said that they are something more than "maps or modest remembrancers to the text," to which office Charles Lamb doomed certain illustrations to Shakspeare.

Beeton's Public Speaker. (Ward, Lock, and Tyler.) A combination of specimens of oratory, ranging from Demosthenes to Spurgeon, but consisting of the merest extracts, must be of very small value. Two pages of Cicero, for instance,

done into English, will scarcely convey an idea of his oratory, far less impress anyone with the individuality of his style. It is like exhibiting a brick to commend the sale of a house. There is, doubtless, a want of good public speakers now, and possibly a change might be effected if the established oratorical models were more generally studied. But the present book is neither likely to conduce to improvement in this direction, nor suited to excite due respect for the orators who are therein quoted.

Letters to a Septic on Religious Matters. By the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. William Macdonald, A.B. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) This is a series of letters by a Roman Catholic priest, written with much earnestness and zeal, which sceptics, real or imaginary, will no doubt look upon with their usual respect for such phenomena. Mr. Balmes is not an uncandid writer, yet his devotion to his Church can betray him into citing as a reason for his faith in her "the degradation and debasement" he finds where she does not hold sway. This from the heart of Spain! The Introduction (by another hand) falls into the same mistake as the book itself, on which it bestows adulation that can only be termed fulsome.

The Roxburghe Ballads. With short notes by W. Chappell, F.S.A. Vol. II. part iii. (Ballad Society.) The Ballad Society does not proceed rapidly, but it does its work well even at the present rate of progress, which is much slower than one would wish. We shall soon have *The Roxburghe Ballads* complete with handy notes explaining the same, and facsimile copies of all the curious woodcuts. The part just issued does not contain any very memorable ballads, always excepting some of the Robin Hood series which have appeared at various times before. The woodcut annexed to the "Two Unfortunate Lovers" (p. 644) is worth notice. It represents the coffin of a young woman being carried to the grave. On the centre thereof is a coronal such as used formerly to be suspended in village churches in memory of virgins when they died. We were not aware before that there was any evidence proving that these wreaths, before they were hung up in the churches, were laid upon the bier or coffin. This beautiful custom has fallen into disuse, and church-restorers have swept away most of the memorials of it that time had spared. A few, however, yet remain in secluded parts of the country. The editorial work is well done. The note (p. 659) on the origin of the name of Holland Street in Southwark is curious. It seems that it took its designation from a notorious house of ill-fame that once stood there, fortified by moat and drawbridge like a castle, which was kept by a Mrs. Holland. There is strange irony in the way men and women are forgotten or kept in memory.

Familiar Quotations. By John Bartlett. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) This is an elegant edition of a very good book of its class, the popularity of which may be gathered from the fact that it has reached a seventh issue. Interesting foot-notes are scattered throughout, giving parallel passages or tracing the descent of a thought. In an appendix we have the history of numerous proverbial expressions; an alphabetical list of authors' names; and a very copious index of leading words, rendering the book exceedingly easy of reference. In such a work accuracy of text is of course a first requisite, and for this we specially commend it to those who "with just enough of learning to misquote" ever and anon set our teeth on edge by maltreating a favourite line.

MR. RICHARD LEWIS in his *History of the Life Boat and its Work* (Macmillan) gives us a readable account of a noble invention and its results. Rendering honour to whom honour is due, he assigns the merit of having constructed the first unimmergible boat to Mr. Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder in Long Acre. This invention was patented in 1785, but in spite of royal patronage (and it is

to the credit of George the Fourth that he showed an interest in the subject) it failed to secure the favour of the Admiralty or Trinity House. Lukin himself died in 1834 without any public recognition of his services, and even before his death his invention had been appropriated by others who were at best mere improvers upon his original conception. From it, however, there sprang that most valuable institution of which Mr. Lewis is the active secretary, and he points with pardonable pride to the work it has accomplished during its fifty years of existence. Since the reconstruction of the National Life-Boat Institution in 1850 "it has contributed to the saving of 22,153 lives from wrecks on our coasts either by its life-boats or by other means, for which services it has granted 940 gold and silver medals, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of over 42,000*l*." At the present time it has under its control more than 240 "valuable and splendid boats, perfectly equipped, for the most part mounted on well-designed and admirably built carriages for land transport, kept in solidly constructed and durable boat-houses, and manned by brave and practised crews." Upon the claims of such an institution to public support very little need be said, but we cannot help asking whether it ought to be left dependent, as it now is, on private benevolence and the voluntary contributions of the few who know anything about it. It is surely an anomaly that the Board of Trade should undertake the management of the rocket apparatus (a valuable means for saving life), but neglect the more important work of furnishing our coasts with a due supply of efficient life-boats. Mr. Lewis has enlivened his pages by transferring to them (with proper acknowledgment) Mr. Gilmore's glowing narrative of the gallant services rendered by the Ramsgate life-boat: it is a pity that he has omitted to mention that he is indebted to Sir D. Brewster's article in *Good Words* (vol. iv. 688) for much of the history of the life-boat's invention.

THE Rev. E. M. Geldart has published a lecture entitled *The Antiquities of Modern Greek*, which is characterised by the same learning and cleverness, together with the same occasional rashness of speculation and want of philological accuracy, that are found in his book, *The Modern Greek Language in its relation to Ancient Greek*. He divides the antiquities of Modern Greek into philological, philosophical, and mythological, and much interesting information will be found under all three heads. By the philological antiquities he means the primitive forms, anterior to the great Attic period of Greek literature, which survive in modern Greek; these have been discussed in a very instructive manner, but the author is too apt to think that because a modern Greek form corresponds to one in early Greek, or in the Aryan language, the later form is the earlier form retained, and not, as sometimes happens, a similar form produced by phonetic corruption. And when he tries to persuade us that *ἰσθμὸς* was in reality the same word as *ἡσθμὸς*, an Epic form of *ἰσθμὸς*, he is in error, because the correspondence of the two in pronunciation, as in modern Greek, could not have arisen till long after classical times, since *v* was not pronounced like *i*, nor in diphthongs like our *v* or *f*, until quite a late period of the language. In speaking of the philosophical antiquities, by which term he apparently means the history of the meanings of certain words, especially philosophical ones, he uses the term "antiquities" in a different sense from that in which he had used it before, for whereas in dealing with the forms of words he means that modern Greek has retained primitive forms, in speaking of their significations he means, that though these are the lineal descendants of the old meanings, they are strangely different from them. In the mythological part also, though many of his remarks are quite sound, he does not sufficiently distinguish between accidental correspondences and those where there is a traceable connexion between the beliefs of ancient and modern times.

In particular, the idea that the word *Kápn*, as applied to "The Maiden in Hades," has any reference to Persephone, is very far-fetched. To illustrate these points he has introduced some well-chosen specimens of the modern Greek ballads, with translations, that of the last of which—the ballad called 'O 'Avθής και ή Αβύη—is very graceful. This is one of the longest, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the rhymed modern Greek ballads, and is evidently allegorical, though the meaning is very hard to discover; but we cannot think with Mr. Geldart that it embodies a solar myth, for the form, style, and sentiment all stamp it as a modern poem. EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly publish a volume entitled *Shakespeare's Plutarch*; being a selection of lives from North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*. The lives are those of Coriolanus, Brutus, Julius Caesar, Antonius, and Octavius Caesar, with extracts from those of Theseus and Alcibiades. A copious index of names will be appended, together with a glossarial index of the more uncommon words. Some remarks upon the use made by Shakspeare of North's translation will appear in the preface.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS will shortly publish the posthumous writings of Oliver Madox-Brown, the youthful author of *Gabriel Denver*, who died nearly a year ago. Young as he was (nineteen) his literary remains will fill two well-sized volumes. *Gabriel Denver* (which has already been reissued in a cheaper form by the original publishers, Messrs. Smith and Elder) will not be precisely reproduced in the forthcoming edition, but, in its stead, the first and in some respects more striking version of the same tale, entitled *The Black Swan*. There will be two other novels, in a shape carried well on towards completion: a Devonshire story, named *The Dwale Bluth* (Nightshade), and a London story named *Hebditch's Legacy*; likewise various pieces of a more fragmentary kind, including a few in verse. Dr. Hueffer and Mr. William M. Rossetti act as joint editors of the volumes, which will also contain a poem (an elegy on the author's untimely death) by Mr. Philip B. Marston.

MR. WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI is to deliver at Newcastle-on-Tyne in January next the lecture on Shelley which he gave to a Birmingham audience in March last. At that time it was a long single lecture: it will now be enlarged and divided into two discourses.

WE hear that the lecturing-tour of Mr. Moncure D. Conway in the United States has been a great success. He has gone back for the occasion to his native country, with a considerable repute acquired during his many years' sojourn in England.

THE Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., has announced in some of the Yorkshire papers his intention of publishing a new edition of Hunter's *South Yorkshire*, with corrections and additions. The original edition is now extremely rare, and the success of his republication of the *History of Hallamshire*, a few years ago, has induced Dr. Gatty to undertake this as a companion work.

MESSRS. R. CLARKE AND Co., of Cincinnati, are about to publish a *History of the Army of the Cumberland*, written at the request of Major-General G. H. Thomas, chiefly from his private military journal and official and other documents furnished by him, by Thomas B. Van Horne, U.S.A.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK will publish next month a work on *The Epistle to the Ephesians*, by Dr. R. S. Candlish, late Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON will issue, in the course of the month, a work entitled *The Southern*

States of North America, by Edward King, with illustrations by J. Wells Champney, being a record of a journey through the "fifteen ex-slave states" during 1873 and the spring and summer of 1874.

MR. J. BOUTON, of New York, will publish, next month, *Monumental Christianity: or, the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the One Catholic Faith and Practice*, by the Rev. John P. Lundy.

THE new article on "Bristol" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Mr. John Taylor, will contain the date of the departure from the port of Bristol of the Cabots on their great voyage of discovery in the ship *Matthew*, and the day of their return, being points of information that none of the biographers of these distinguished navigators, nor any of the maritime histories, have recorded.

THE comic annual projected by the late Mr. Tom Hood, and published for the last seven years under his name, will be published this year by the same proprietors, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Sampson. It will contain contributions in prose and verse by James Albery, Dutton Cook, Ashton Dilke, Austin Dobson, A. Dowty, H. S. Leigh, Joaquin Miller, Moy Thomas, the author of *Lilliput Levee*, and other well-known writers, and will comprise twenty-six pages of illustrations engraved by the Brothers Dalziel from drawings by artists of note. The annual will appear with the November magazines.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING AND Co. will shortly publish a new work by the Rev. Charles Anderson, entitled *New Readings of Old Parables*. It is an attempt to show that the thought of a later day but adds a new and deeper force to the first teachings of the parables. A second edition of *The Curate of Shyre*, by the same author, is likewise in preparation.

MR. WILLIAM S. F. MAYERS, Chinese Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, whose *Chinese Reader's Manual* has been noticed in these columns, has published a second edition, with considerable additions, of the *Anglo-Chinese Calendar Manual*, a handbook of reference for the determination of Chinese dates from 1860 to 1879, which was originally issued six years ago.

WE hear that M. Henri Cordier, the Secretary of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, is engaged upon a complete bibliography of works, papers, articles, &c., published in China on Chinese matters. Mr. Cordier's book will shortly go to press.

THE Rev. W. Scarborough, Wesleyan missionary, of Hankow, has recently published *A Collection of Chinese Proverbs*, with an introduction, and a translation of the Chinese text.

M. H. TAINÉ is to read his first volume on the *Revolution* before the University of Geneva. The volume will appear about December 10.

M. E. RENAN is at Ischia, where he is at work upon a novel.

BESIDE the *Historical Review*, edited by MM. Monod and Fagot, Messrs. Baillière will, from January 1 next, publish a *Philosophical Review*, edited by M. Ribot, to which MM. Caro, Janet, Wundt, Professor Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer will contribute.

THE foundation of the new University of Czernowitz, the capital of the Bukovina, which took place at the Centenary Festival of the annexation of that country to Austria, has produced a most valuable contribution to Vedic studies, in the shape of a "Gratulationschrift" from the pen of Dr. Ludwig, Professor of Sanskrit at Prague. Professor Ludwig has long been known as an independent student of the ancient language and literature of India, and this latest work of his, *On the Philosophical and Religious Ideas of the Veda*, published at Prague, marks a decided advance in the investigation of the primeval religion of India.

THE series of papers on "The International Working Men's Association," which recently appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and are written by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, are about to appear as a *feuilleton* in the Italian newspaper *Diritto*, published at Rome.

MR. ARBER has just sent out the second volume of his *Transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, carrying the book entries down to 1595. He has also made considerable progress with Volume III. The book-entries down to 1606 A.D. are already in type. This volume ends in 1620, though there are some occasional entries as far as 1631 A.D. Mr. Arber trusts to issue it in December next, and Volume IV., coming down to 1640 A.D., in February following. In both Volumes II. and III. will be found much information about the London printing-houses, and the succession of master-printers in them, for the whole period of the *Transcript*; as well as about those who simply ventured in publishing.

THE New Shakspeare Society now numbers 508 members. It has just issued its last book for this year, Mr. P. A. Daniel's edition of Arthur Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, and William Painter's *Rhemeo and Julietta*, an expanded translation of Boastian's French paraphrase of Bandello's Italian story. In his "Introduction," Mr. Daniel has given for the first time a full and connected account of all the Novels, Poems, &c., from which it is possible that Shakspeare may have derived hints for his tragedy. In a Postscript, Mr. Daniel describes Bernard Garter's unique *Tragicall and True Historie which happened betwene two English Lovers*, 1563, and also discusses the date of *Wily Beguiled*, which he shows to be long after that of *Romeo and Juliet*, from which play it copies part of the Nurse, &c. The volume forms No. 1 of the New Shakspeare Society's Third Series, "Originals and Analogues of Shakspeare's Plays."

MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN AND Co., of Piccadilly, have purchased the very interesting collection of Thackerayana formed by the late John Camden Hotten, who was indefatigable in tracing out and securing all those books disposed of at the sale of Thackeray's library containing the pencil and pen-and-ink sketches on the margins or flyleaves illustrative of the text, for which he was so noted. Nearly six hundred of these sketches have already been engraved in facsimile in the work entitled *Thackerayana*, but in the catalogue of the collection printed by Messrs. Sotheran and Co. are enumerated many which have never been reproduced. Among these relics of the author of *Vanity Fair* is the original draught of his letter to Charles Dickens upon the subject of the dispute at the Garrick Club, in which the alterations and interlineations attest that Thackeray was not one of the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease;" a unique copy of Thackeray's *Whitey Brown Paper Magazine*, suggested to be issued in 1838, but never published; and a copy of Thackeray's *Ballet Mythologique*, a series of designs entitled "Floret et Zephyr, par Théophile Wagstaffe," which is not to be found in the British Museum catalogue, but which is described in the article on Thackeray in the *North British Review*.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS's annual trade dinner sale was given on Tuesday last at the Albion Tavern, and was well attended by the leading booksellers. Very large numbers of some of their publications were sold.

MR. STANFORD is about to publish a series of handy volumes in post 8vo., by eminent writers, entitled *The British Manufacturing Industries*, edited by G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S. Three volumes are to appear in the course of November: *Copper*, by J. A. Phillips; *Carpets*, by Christopher Dresser; and *Glass and Silicates*, by Professor Barff.

THE epic poet, Felix Dahn, has just added an additional leaf to his laurel by the success of his first drama, *König Roderich*, which was brought out last week at the National Theatre in Berlin.

MESSRS. DUNCKER AND HUMBLOT are about to publish, under the title *Neunundsechzig Jahre am Preussischen Hofe*, the autobiography of Queen Louisa's friend and principal lady-in-waiting, the beautiful and witty Countess Von Voss, who, in early youth as Fräulein von Pannewitz, had won the heart of the Prince of Prussia, brother of Frederick II.

THE great printing firm of Gerold, at Vienna, celebrated its centennial on October 9. It was in 1775 that Joseph Gerold became possessed of the University Printing Office in the Dominicaner Platz—and he was in the following year appointed Imperial Printer, a position of great dignity and emolument. The business attained large proportions under Joseph's successor. Carl Gerold used every endeavour to check the system of piratical printing, and to modify the severity of the censorship. His name was among those attached to a memorial sent to Prince Metternich in the zenith of his power, complaining of this oppressive institution. Carl was succeeded by the present heads of the establishment, Friedrich and Moritz Gerold, who supply schoolbooks to almost all the gymnasia and Real-schulen in Austria.

THE new volume of *Det nittende Aarhundrede* begins with a particularly brilliant October number. The two last poems written by C. Hauch, one entitled "Dream-life," the other "On the Lid of a Sarcophagus," have a melancholy interest as the latest utterances of a true and rare genius. The same thought runs through each, the beauty of animal life regarded with tender delight by a soul whose own sensations are almost eclipsed by death. The poems, written in hexameters, have not received any final revision, but, with all their imperfections, they are full of sonorous and beautiful lines. Julius Lange, who is fast making a European name for himself, contributes a thoughtful study on Michel Angelo. Lieutenant Wolf illustrates with able translations a long paper on the *Shu-King*, the book of Chinese songs arranged and edited by Confucius. Holger Drachmann, whose *I Storm og Stille* we reviewed last week, contributes three poems. Dr. Ulrik treats a question in hygienic statistics with much ingenuity and learning. The editor, Dr. Georg Brandes, dedicates one of his admirable critical studies to Carl Snoilsky, the latest and the most modern of Swedish poets. We hail this October number of *Det nittende Aarhundrede* as altogether the most able literary product that has reached us from Scandinavia for many years. There seems a prospect now of better times in Denmark.

ACCORDING to the *Lombardia* of the 25th ult. the municipal authorities of Milan have placed on the house in which Manzoni was born, and on that in which he lived and died, marble tablets with inscriptions recording the events.

THE biennial prize of the Institute of France, of the value of 20,000 francs, has been awarded to M. Paul Bert, for his work on the effects of barometrical pressure on living creatures.

THE last monthly number of the Italian *Giornale degli Economisti*, published at Padua, contains, along with several interesting articles by Signori Luzzatti, Forti, Lampertico, and other eminent Italian economists, a review of the history of English political economy by Mr. Cliffe Leslie. A recent number contained an article by the famous German economist, Dr. Wilhelm Roscher; and it may be inferred that the *Giornale degli Economisti* is not merely the organ of a particular school of Italian economists, as some writers, both English and foreign, appear to suppose. The charge lately made against the historic school of economists in Germany, of having infected Italian political economy with protectionism, is, we may observe, quite unfounded. The so-called "Cathedersocialisten" of Germany are advocates of free trade, and their "Verein für Socialpolitik" has among its members some who

are also members of the older "Volkswirtschaftlicher Congress," founded especially to promote the freedom of trade. If protectionism is reviving in Italy, it has not been recalled to life by Germany.

THERE are three papers in the *Journal of Mental Science* (which Drs. Maudsley and Clouston so ably edit on behalf of the Medico-Psychological Association) that possess general interest. In the first (January, 1875) Dr. Wilks, taking the physiology of the brain as his ground, points out to how great an extent the voluntary and rational actions of men are indistinguishable from the reflex ones of animals, and the immense part played by mere imitation. Such value does he attach to the freedom from the power of routine that he would be distinctly unwilling to prohibit altogether the infusion of insane blood into the population by intermarriage; to counteract apparently the tendency of custom to become an utterly unreasoning yoke, or of words to call up actions without a vestige of real reasoning in the process. Through these phenomena Dr. Wilks connects the cerebration of man with that of animals, and finds the marks of a common action through the organic and inorganic. From a like point of view Dr. Laycock describes some Organic Laws of Personal and Ancestral Memory: his thought being an identification of memory, and various conscious or emotional states, with the tendency to "reversion" in organic forms. An important paper is concluded by Dr. Nicholson, of the Convict Prison at Portsmouth, on the "Morbidity of Criminals"—important less from its bearing on the treatment of the prisoner than as presenting with renewed urgency the dependence of so much that passes as criminality upon conditions demonstrably morbid. Till this fact, with all its far-reaching consequences, has been fairly incorporated in our polity, it needs to be enforced with every variety of illustration that experience can give.

THE following Parliamentary papers have lately been published:—Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science, Vol. III., containing Minutes of Evidence and Appendices, Analyses of Evidence, &c., and General Index to Vols. I., II., and III. (price 1s. 5d.); Correspondence between the Foreign Office and H.M.'s Representatives Abroad and Foreign Representatives in England on the subject of Copyright, 1872-75 (price 5½d.); Reports from H.M.'s Consuls on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of their Consular Districts, Part V. (price 5d.); Correspondence between the Board of Trade and Foreign Office and Committee of Lloyd's on the subject of Grain Cargoes (price 1d.); Report of the Meteorological Committee of the Royal Society for 1874 (price 6d.); Thirteenth Report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools of Ireland (price 8½d.); Annual Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council and Local Government Board (price 1s.); Thirty-Sixth Annual Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (price 4s. 4d.); Report of Select Committee on Loans to Foreign States, with Proceedings, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index (price 8s. 6d.); Copies of Endowed Schools Commission Schemes for the Management of Dulwich College and Camberwell Grammar School, and for the Management of St. John's Hospital and other Charities in Exeter; Annual Report of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council Office (price 1s. 3d.); Correspondence between the Privy Council and the General Council of Medical Education on the subject of the Admission of Women to practise Medicine (price 2d.); Reports of the Inspectors of Factories for the half-year ending April 30, 1875 (price 11d.); Returns Relating to Savings Banks, Navy Victualling Accounts, Offences Punishable by Flogging, Property and Income-Tax Assessments, &c., &c.; Report to the Secretary of State on Railways in India for 1874-75, by Juland Danvers, Esq. (price 1s.);

Report on the Gunpowder Explosion in Regent's Park on October 2, 1874, by Major Majendie, with Plates (price 4s.); Return Relating to School Fees, England and Wales (price 4s. 4d.); Index to Reports of Public Accounts Committee; Returns Relating to Minister's Stipends (Scotland), Paupers, Endowed Charities of Coventry, Poor Law Unions, Factories and Workshops Inspection, &c.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

A VALUABLE work, consisting of notes on Persian Belúchistan, by Mirza Mehdz Khán, has just appeared at Teheran.

A COMMISSION has been formed at Berlin to consider the question of Polar exploration, and to report upon the best means for prosecuting safe and important Arctic discoveries. The Commission consists, among others, of Professors Dove and Neumayer of Berlin, Karsten of Kiel, Winnecke and Schimpfer of Strassburg, Zittel of Munich, Quenstedt of Tübingen, H. Karsten of Rostock, Bruhns of Leipzig, &c., while the President is Dr. von Möller, Councillor of State.

A MEETING was held at Berlin, at the beginning of the month, to consider the condition of the German Company for Central African exploration and colonisation. The first resolution passed was to nominate Dr. Nachtigal President of the Association, in the place of Professor Neumayer, whose arduous duties as director of the Hydrographical Department of the Imperial Admiralty have compelled him to resign. It was announced that the correspondence and publication of the reports of the Society will for the future be conducted by Professor Robert Hartmann. In regard to the highly important question of the prosecution of further expeditions, the following resolutions were agreed to: (1) the station at Chinchoxo on the Loango coast was to be definitely relinquished on account of its unhealthy character; (2) no new expedition was to be undertaken by the Society, but the two expeditions at present under the direction of Dr. Lenz and Dr. Pogge were to be supported, and, if practicable, still further extended. Dr. Falkenstein, the surgeon and photographer to the expedition, and Major von Mechow, who had been delegated to Chinchoxo, were to be recalled. While the respective merits of these officers were fully recognised, it was considered to be undeniable that the attempts made by the latter to drill and discipline the native carriers had proved so utterly futile as to show the uselessness of engaging an experienced European officer in such an undertaking.

AN official report by Mr. Bunch, Minister Resident at Bogotá, on the United States of Colombia, which has lately been printed, contains many details of interest about a country little known to us. Every variety of climate is to be found there, from the tropical heat of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to the perpetual snow of the Andes; delightful temperatures abound at an elevation of from 3,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Cacao, sugar-cane, indigo, tobacco, Indian corn, cotton, rice, the vine, coffee, &c., are among the chief articles which can be grown there. Columbia is a Federal Republic, divided into nine States, each independent and sending three Senators to Congress and one representative for each 50,000 of the population. To the advantages of perfect religious toleration and a free press may be added the more questionable ones of the abolition of punishment by death, and the limiting of terms of imprisonment to ten years for the most heinous offences. As a rule the people are happy and contented, the Government troubles them but little, and every one seems to do pretty much as he likes. The lower classes in the interior are all Indians, who remain much as the Spanish conquerors found them three centuries and a half ago; ignorant and superstitious, yet submissive; certainly not robbers or murderers, like their Peruvian or Mexican brethren; great drinkers of

chicoa made of fermented Indian corn, which rather stupefies than enlivens them. Mr. Bunch is not in favour of European emigration there.

THE *Pandora*, Arctic exploring ship, commanded by Captain Allen Young, R.N.R., encountered baffling head winds and gales on her voyage across the Atlantic, and put into Ivigtot, the port of the famous cryolite mine in the south of Greenland on July 30. Here thirty tons of coal were obtained, and the *Pandora* proceeded on her voyage, reaching Godhaven, in Disco, on August 5. Captain Allen Young received letters at Godhaven, which were left by the *Alert*, informing him where post-bags of the Arctic Expedition would be deposited on the Cary Islands, and on Point Gale or Cape Isabella, at the entrance of Smith Sound. He also received a letter from Mr. Clements Markham, informing him of the arrangements he had made for forty tons of coal being dug out at the mine in the Waigat, ready for the *Pandora* when she arrived. The *Pandora*, therefore, proceeded to the Waigat, encountering a heavy gale of wind, among the icebergs of Disco Bay, on her way. After getting an excellent team of dogs on board at Ujarasussuk, the *Pandora* arrived off the Ritenbenk Kulbrud, in the Waigat, on August 8, and immediately began to get the coals on board. Captain Allen Young intended to sail from the coal cliffs on the 10th, and the latest date from the *Pandora* is August 9. All on board were in excellent health and spirits; and the *Pandora* had more coals on August 9 than when she left England.

There is also news of the whaling fleet. The whalers had had a late passage through Melville Bay, and were in Prince Regent's Inlet with four catches of fish. The bad news respecting Melville Bay, early in the season, is by no means an indication that the state of the ice will have been equally unfavourable when the Expedition reached it in the end of July—rather the contrary.

WE may call our readers' attention to a book recently published by M. Victor Palmé, of Paris, entitled "*Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée*." Par Ch. Dallet, Missionnaire Apostolique de la Société des Missions Etrangères." It would seem that Christianity was first introduced into Corea in the sixteenth century by a Jesuit priest, who was sent in 1593 to minister to the spiritual wants of the Japanese Christian soldiers despatched by the celebrated Taiko-sama to invade the country; it can hardly, however, be said to have taken any real root till 1784, and this history commences with that year. For close upon half a century the converts were left pretty much to themselves and the guidance of Chinese and native priests, under the general supervision of the Bishop of Peking. At first many persons of rank and wealth joined the new sect, but frequent persecutions, —especially the great persecution of 1801, during which the Church was literally drenched in blood —caused them to fall away from the faith. Notwithstanding that its professors were constantly harassed, and proscriptive laws were maintained and often put in force, Christianity still retained its vitality, and received a fresh impetus from the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic in 1831, from which year until 1866, when Monsignor Berneux, most of his colleagues, and a large number of Christians were massacred, there have always been some devoted Catholic missionaries in the country. The Korean peninsula is almost entirely a *terra incognita* to Europeans, but Père Dallet's valuable Introduction (but little short of 200 pages of closely printed matter) lets in a flood of light on the subject, and will, perhaps, be perused with more interest by the general reader than the body of the work, for it treats, with considerable minuteness, of the history, institutions, manners and customs of a country whose inhabitants foreigners rarely, if ever, have an opportunity of seeing, except during the periodical stay of their tribute-bearing embassy at Peking.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York : September 22, 1875.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, who has just finished his engagement at Booth's Theatre in this city, had a warm reception in America. On the evening of his first appearance, August 30, he acted Hamlet before a densely crowded audience, which was composed, to a large extent, of Irish-American citizens.

Mr. Sullivan's Hamlet is a new one to the American stage, and I cannot say that it is altogether the ideal of our theatre-goers. He dresses the part beautifully, and introduces an innovation in the form of a wig of long, light brown hair. His reading of a great many passages is also new to us, and I do not think altogether acceptable, though no one doubts that his conclusions are the result of careful study. He says: "When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a *hern*. *Pshaw!*" Again, he says, "that I, the son of a dead father murdered;" and, "to take arms against a *siege* of troubles." And again, "I'll take the ghost's word for all the coin in Denmark," instead of "I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound." Mr. Sullivan's Hamlet is a fine piece of acting, but it appeals to the intellect rather than to the passions. We have seen some excellent actors in this part during the past few years: Forrest, Davenport, Booth, Fechter, and Salvini, and now Mr. Sullivan, who differs widely from all, but has some advantages over each, though he lacks the passion of any one of the actors named. His is, however, a scholarly performance, and has called forth much appreciative criticism.

The management of the Grand Opera House ran Mr. E. L. Davenport and an "American Company" by way of novelty against the attractions of Booth's Theatre. The same plays were performed at both houses on the same nights—before large audiences at Booth's, and fair audiences at the Grand Opera House. It was thought that there might be some disturbance on the opening night at these theatres, but the partisans satisfied themselves with applause for the favourites, and everything passed off quietly.

To pass from tragedy to comedy, Mark Twain's very poor play *The Gilded Age* is being performed at the Union Square Theatre. This play would be nothing but for the acting of Mr. John T. Raymond in the rôle of Colonel Sellers, which is one of the very best pieces of comedy-acting ever seen on the American stage. Mr. Raymond has made a great success of this part, which he has played constantly for over a year. Colonel Sellers represents the type of a certain class of visionary men who are peculiar to the American soil, or who enjoy here the largest development. He sees "millions" in every new enterprise, but never has a cent to call his own. He is always showing his friends sure and profitable investments for their money which never fail to end in their financial ruin. This character is played so naturally and so earnestly by Mr. Raymond that it is not a mere burlesque as one might suppose. You feel sorry all the time for the old man, who is really so good at heart, but is so terribly mistaken and visionary. The fun in Mr. Raymond's acting is inimitable. In the scene where he is called to the witness-stand, the very expression of his back as he walks across the stage calls forth shouts of laughter. Of its kind I have never seen anything better than Mr. Raymond's Colonel Sellers. The sentimental part of the play is redeemed by the clever acting of Marie Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) who gives the rôle of Laura Hawkins an importance that dignifies it above the author's conception. I understand that Mr. Raymond will play Colonel Sellers in England; if he does you may expect to see a rare good piece of character-acting.

The 126th anniversary of Goethe's birthday was celebrated on August 28 by a reception at Gilmore's Garden under the auspices of the Goethe Club. The guests were welcomed by Dr. Anthony Ruppauer, President of the Club. Mr. William

Cullen Bryant delivered an oration, and Mr. Bayard Taylor read an original poem, and there was vocal and instrumental music under the direction of P. S. Gilmore and Carl Bergmann. The society had expected to unveil a bust of Goethe which had been ordered from Europe, but it arrived too late for the anniversary exercises. I quote the last stanza of Mr. Taylor's poem:—

"Dear is the minstrel, yet the man is more;
But should I turn the pages of his brain,
The lighter muscle of my verse would strain
And break beneath his lore.
How change with music powers so vast and free,
Save one be great as he?
Behold him, as ye jostle with the throng
Through narrow ways, that do your beings wrong—
Self-chosen lanes, wherein ye press
In louder storm and stress,
Passing the lesser bounty by,
Because the greater seems too high,
And that sublimest joy forego,
To seek, aspire, and know!
Behold in him, since our strong line began,
The first full-statured man!
Dear is the minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.
Still through our age the shadowy Leader goes;
Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign;
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten!"

Mr. Laurence Hutton, of this city, has just issued, through Hurd and Houghton, a volume entitled *Plays and Players*. Mr. Hutton has taken a file of old playbills dating back some fifteen or twenty years, and over these he gossips and moralises as only a true lover of the stage knows how. He gives the casts of some of the most important performances during that period, and tells us how the piece was played and how it was received. Mr. Hutton's recollections extend back to what our parents speak of as the "palmy days of the drama," when cushioned seats were sold for seventy-five cents, and you could hear Jenny Lind from a gallery bench on the payment of a "quarter." This was before the days of the "emotional" drama, when the good old English comedies filled houses which now find nothing that ever draws but unhealthy French plays. Mr. Hutton has made an exceedingly readable and pleasant volume of his theatrical recollections.

WE hear our best music in this country at Theodore Thomas's Central Park Garden, situated near the main entrance to Central Park. It is at this garden that we were familiarised with Beethoven's majestic symphonies, and it is here that we have listened night after night to the dreamy music of Chopin, the rugged grace of Bach, the clear-cut brilliancy of Mozart; and here we first heard and learned to love Wagner. Mr. Thomas has done more to elevate the standard of musical taste in this country than has any one man. He has given us the best orchestra we ever had, and played us the best music—though often at great pecuniary loss to himself. Mr. Thomas may not live to reap his reward, but the man who comes after him will find a well-beaten path to travel over. Mr. Thomas has introduced a new feature in the Garden Concerts this summer. He has devoted certain nights to the music of some one composer or some one country. We have already had two nights devoted to Beethoven, one to Mozart, one to Schubert, two to Wagner, and one to Scandinavian composers. The audiences at these concerts have in each instance been the largest of the week. On a recent evening the programme was devoted to Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, and the selections were most interesting and characteristic. During the winter months Mr. Thomas gives a series of symphony concerts in this city, Boston and Philadelphia. It needs but this recapitulation to prove what has been done for us by Mr. Theodore Thomas.

The October number of *Harper's Monthly* contains a new poem of a hundred and sixty-four

lines, by Jean Ingelow, entitled "At One Again." It tells of the love of two young country people, and of the feud that raged between their fathers, but which was happily overcome:—

"... Your son has kissed my daughter;
Let the matters between us rest."

It will not appear in England till her next volume is published.

The first volume of William Cullen Bryant's *History of the United States* will be published this fall by Scribner, Armstrong and Co. This work will be illustrated with a fine steel portrait of Mr. Bryant and a number of designs by the famous French draughtsman Emile Bayard. This firm will also publish *The New Day*, a poem in songs and sonnets, by Richard Watson Gilder, and *The Story of Sevenoakes*, by Dr. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland's story has been running as a serial through *Scribner's Monthly*, where it will be succeeded by Mr. Bret Harte's story, *Gabriel Conroy*. *Sevenoakes* is altogether an American story, and contains some of the best work of its author. It is particularly good when the characters are moving about in the country town of Sevenoakes, though the majority of its readers will enjoy more that part which relates to the excitements of life in New York city, and Wall Street speculation.

James R. Osgood and Co., of Boston, announce for the holidays a new poem by John G. Whittier, entitled *Mabel Martin*. It will be illustrated by Miss M. A. Hallock and Mr. T. Moran and made uniform with *The Hanging of the Crane*. This firm also announce for early publication *The Bird and the Bell*, a volume of poems by C. P. Cranch; *Roderick Hudson*, a novel, by Henry James, jun.; and *Rose and Roof-tree*, a volume of poems, by Mr. George P. Lathrop, one of the most promising of our young writers. Mr. Howell's new novel will be commenced in the November *Atlantic*. A new story by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, entitled *Eight Cousins*, will be published in a few days by Roberts Bros., of Boston.

A very bright and clever little book, called *The French at Home*, by Alfred Rhodes, has recently been issued by Dodd and Mead of this city. In this volume Mr. Rhodes gives his impressions of and experiences in the French capital, and does it with so much grace and such a keen appreciation for all he saw that one forgives the oldness of the subject for the sake of the newness of its treatment.

J. L. GILDER.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- ADAMS, F. *The Free-School System of the United States*. Chapman & Hall. 9s.
DAUBIGNY, C., &c. *C. Daubigny et son œuvre: gravures, eaux-fortes et bois inédits*. Paris: A. Lévy. 12 fr.
GALLANGA, A. *Italy Revisited*. S. Tinsley. 30s.
INGLEBY, C. M. *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*. Trübner. 6s. 6d.
REXNIE, Sir J. *Autobiography of*. Spon. 12s. 6d.
ROUSSELET, J. *India and its Native Princes*. Ed. Lieut.-Col. C. Buckle. Chapman & Hall.

History.

- BENRATH, K. *Bernardino Ochino v. Siena. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Reformation*. Leipzig: Fues. 7 M.
EWALD, A. C. *The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart*. Chapman & Hall.
HEUTLEIT, E. *The Map of Europe by Treaty*. Butterworths.
HIPPEAU, C. *Avènement des Bourbons au trône d'Espagne: correspondance inédite du marquis d'Harcourt*. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.
MAGNIER, E. *Histoire d'une commune de France (Boulogne-sur-mer) au XVIII^e siècle*. Paris: Lévry. 5 fr.

Physical Science.

- GIRDWYN, M. *Anatomie et physiologie de l'abeille*. Paris: Rothschild. 25 fr.
LESCUVER, F. *Étude sur les oiseaux: architecture des nids*. Paris: J. B. Baillière. 3 fr.

Philology.

- COWELL, E. B. *A Short Introduction to the ordinary Prakrit of the Sanscrit Dramas*. Trübner. 3s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRUGES MADONNA.

Bruges: Oct. 12, 1875.

With reference to the paragraph on the Bruges Madonna in your last number (p. 391), it will probably interest your readers to know that I have just heard from M. Reiset of the discovery, by M. A. Gotti, of a letter addressed to Michel Angelo, dated August 4, 1506, in which mention is made of the thing, evidently of considerable weight, to be sent to Viareggio and from Viareggio to Bruges, to the heirs of John and Alexander Mouscron and Company—a *rede di Giovanni e Alessandro Moscheroni e comp., come cosa loro*. This confirms M. Reiset's and my view that the Madonna was executed before 1509. The altar erected at John Mouscron's expense would probably not have been commenced or even designed until after the arrival of the Madonna at Bruges. It is not clear whether the niche was executed in Florence or at Bruges.

I purpose this winter going through the remainder of the archives of the Church of Notre Dame, and it is quite possible that I may turn up some further documents relating to the altar and its ornaments. If so, you shall hear of them.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

JULIO ROMANO A SCULPTOR.

Ventnor: Oct. 10, 1875.

In the review of Dr. Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare* in the ACADEMY of last week are some remarks with regard to Shakspeare's making Julio Romano a sculptor. In my possession are some original sketches of Julio Romano for bas-reliefs and friezes in the Palazzo del T. at Mantua. They were formerly in the possession of Sir Peter Lely and Mr. Mariette.

HODDER M. WESTROPP.

THE JUDGE WHO COMMITTED PRINCE HENRY.

Athenæum Club: Oct. 9, 1875.

Your correspondent has endeavoured to obscure without shaking my argument, by going off into questions as to whether a pocket-book is or is not a diary or a memoir, and other irrelevancies.

The historical point raised by me is rather interesting, and I should be glad to restore it to its original form, which I can do in a few words. There was a tradition among the lawyers that a judge once committed Prince Henry to prison for contempt of court, which prevailed in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts. One told the story in one way, another in another. Elyot said the Prince was committed to the King's Bench, Baker said it was to the Fleet, Hall added that the Prince struck the judge. None named the judge. They concurred in the one fact that the Prince was committed. So far as the legal tradition went there was no sufficient evidence for any particular judge as the hero of the story. Unless there is some independent corroborative evidence there can be no claim either for Gascoigne or Markham. There is no such independent evidence for Gascoigne. He is not named in the legal tradition, and there is no other tradition respecting him. There is such evidence in favour of Judge Markham. The Cotham branch of the family handed the tradition down, and it is recorded by Francis Markham who lived in the reign of Elizabeth. The Sedgebrook branch also handed it down, and it was received from Sir Robert Markham's father, who lived a generation before 1655, and who could have had it from his grandfather, a contemporary of Sir Thomas Elyot.

Your correspondent can call Sir Robert Markham's note-book by any name he pleases, and set up any theory he likes as to whether Sir Robert believed the tradition or not. All this is beside the question. All that is necessary for my argument is the fact that Sir Robert received the tradition from his father and put it on record. If the story is to be received at all, there is in-

dependent evidence that Sir John Markham (both the Markham judges were knights) was the hero of it; there is no such independent evidence that Sir William Gascoigne had anything to do with it. Your readers will not, I trust, be misled by the extraordinary blunder of your correspondent in stating that a Sir John Markham was Chief Justice in the reign of Henry VI. Did he never hear of Sir John Fortescue? Baker's *Chronicle* was published in 1641. It contains a list of the authorities from which it is compiled, and is fairly reliable; indeed, the learned Daines Barrington formed a very favourable opinion of it. Your correspondent says that it does not mention Sir John Markham. My reason for quoting it was, as I have already explained, that it gave the Fleet as the prison to which the Prince was committed; which was the prison of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Sir John Markham was a judge. This is the more important as the Governor is not in the list of Sir Richard Baker's authorities, and he therefore had his version of the story from a source other than Sir Thomas Elyot. Baker's grandfather was a lawyer and statesman of the time of Henry VIII., and a contemporary of Elyot; and Sir Richard's version may have come from him.

Your correspondent states that Judge Markham's claim is ignored by a very learned writer of judicial biography. I presume that he alludes to Foss. But Foss does not ignore the claim. He refers to it, and decides against it on the ground that Sir John Markham was not a Judge of the King's Bench and not a Chief Justice. He commits the error of accepting all the details given by one retailer of the legal tradition 130 years after the event; when the only fact that should be accepted, unless corroborated by other and independent testimony, is that the Prince was committed. Mr. Foss was not aware of the additional evidence furnished by two independent family traditions.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

ALBA LONGA.

Albano: October 7, 1875.

At the desire of M. Giuseppe Fiorelli, the director-general of the excavations in Italy, I have gone to Albano—1. To ascertain whether there are really terra-cottas or other remains of human industry below the beds of the last volcanic eruptions; and 2. to find the real site of ancient *Alba Longa*. I have begun this difficult task by studying the topography of the country. There have been here side by side, and forming a triangle, three immense volcanoes, of which the Lake of Albano, the Lake of Nemi, and the high plateau called "Camp of Hannibal," mark the craters. But everything shows here that even the very latest eruptions of these volcanoes must belong to a very remote period of prehistoric ages, and that no eruption has occurred since Italy has been inhabited by men. Besides, tradition, which has preserved here the memory of so many prehistoric events, knows nothing whatever of a volcanic eruption, or even an earthquake. Moreover, in the midst of the three volcanoes is situated the *Mons Albanus*, now called Monte Cavo, on which stood, until the year 1783, the grand ruins of the celebrated temple of *Jupiter Latiaris*, where the great sacrifices of the *Feriae Latinae* were annually celebrated. This temple was the most ancient sanctuary of Italy, and its foundation lies far beyond the limits of history. But it is perfectly certain that during the long period of its existence no volcanic eruption can have occurred, for the temple would inevitably have been covered by it. In the same manner every eruption would have filled up the entrance of the emissaries of both the Lake of Albano and the Lake of Nemi. The construction of these emissaries must belong to a very remote age, and particularly that of the Lake of Albano, for the latter, which has very abundant springs, must, without the emissary, at all times have overflowed and inundated the plain of Rome, while the tra-

dition knows nothing of such an inundation. For the same reasons the ancient Alba Longa cannot have been covered by a volcanic eruption. It can neither have been situated on the high southern shore of the Lake of Albano, where it is generally believed to have been, for the volcanic rock is everywhere unequal there, and it has evidently never been touched by the hand of man. Besides, the site has no accumulation of rubbish and no potsherds, which are the never-failing testimonies of ancient habitations, and which are much more indestructible than all city or fortress walls. Alba Longa can neither have been on the opposite border of the lake between *Castel Gandolfo* and the Convent of the Capucines, for there also is an entire absence of rubbish and potsherds, which can never be missing on the site of an ancient city. Thus there remains for the position of ancient Alba Longa no other place than the site of Albano itself, and I do not hesitate to identify the one with the other, the more so since the accumulation of rubbish is here very considerable, and is in some places thirty-three feet deep.

By the above it is evident that no pottery or other objects of human industry can be found here below the volcanic rock. Nevertheless, I wished to verify the fact, and as M. Fiorelli, the director-general, had indicated to me the vineyard of Carlo Meluzzi, of Marino, as one of the many sites where funeral urns and other objects had been found below the volcanic strata, I obtained from this proprietor the permission to make a trial in his field, and to excavate the whole of it if I might find it desirable. In fact Meluzzi presented to me a number of terra-cottas which he pretended to have discovered seven or eight years ago below the rock by breaking it up to make the vineyard. But among all those objects there is only one Etruscan urn with rudely painted ornaments, which may date from the beginning of the fourth century B.C.; all the rest is Roman and of a much later period. To show me the high antiquity of this pottery, Meluzzi pretends to have found together with it the skeleton of a giant. For four days I have with a large number of workmen excavated the field which borders on the vineyard where all those things are said to have been discovered, and after having broken the three to six feet thick volcanic rock, I have always dug below it to a depth of ten feet, but I have not found anything but the purest virgin soil below the stone. Nevertheless, these excavations have rendered to science the great service of showing how all the stories of important discoveries underneath the volcanic strata have originated. Like all the fields in this neighbourhood, the field of Meluzzi is of unequal geological formation, and on a length of 150 feet it has eighty-two feet of rock and sixty-eight feet of soft earth, which latter is full of fragments of Etruscan and Roman pottery of the very same description as those which Meluzzi has given to me and which he pretends to have discovered below the rock. Besides, among my workmen are three who seven or eight years ago cut the rock in the adjoining field, the present vineyard of Meluzzi, and all of them swear that they never found anything else but pure virgin soil below the rock, and that all the terra-cottas come from that part of the field which consists of soft earth. Thus it is evident that every one here who finds objects of human industry in the soft part of his field pretends to have discovered them below the rock in order to increase their value a hundredfold. Not satisfied with all this, I have asked more than a thousand workmen of Castel Gandolfo, Marino, Albano, &c., who all their life have done no other work than to cut the volcanic strata in the fields to make vineyards, whether they had ever found any objects of human industry below the rock. All answered me with a laugh, thinking that I joked with them. But seeing that I meant it seriously, they have always assured me on oath that they never found there anything whatever below the volcanic strata.

HENRY SCHLIEMANN.

SCIENCE.

The Development of Creation on the Earth.

By Thomas Lumisden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras. (London: Trübner & Co., 1874.)

THIS work is made up mainly of two essays—the one on “The Processes of Creation;” the other on “The Antiquity of the Earth and its Human Inhabitants.” In speculating on the processes of creation which may have been in operation upon the earth, the author carries us back to the inevitable granitic crust, submerged beneath the waters of a universal ocean. Life, according to the author, made its earliest appearance in Silurian seas. “In the Bala limestone, which belongs to the lower Silurian system, are the first traces of that necessary constituent of life, carbon” (pp. 2, 3); and believing this to be the most ancient limestone, the author is led to assert that “in the Silurian rocks accordingly are found the earliest evidences of life on the globe” (p. 3). Need we remind the geological reader that the Lower Laurentian rocks, which lie far below the horizon of the Bala beds, contain vast masses of crystalline limestone, not to mention the occurrence of comparatively pure carbon in the form of graphite? Nor need we observe that modern researches have revealed the existence of a fairly rich pre-Silurian fauna. But after all, this may not greatly affect the main question under discussion, which is not so much *when* as *how* life first appeared upon the earth. Mr. Strange is a firm believer in what used to be called “spontaneous generation,” but which he curiously enough prefers to term “the process of the elimination of forms from pre-existing materials” (p. 14). Having convinced himself of the reality of such a process of “elimination,” by simple faith in the experiments of others, he seeks to extend this convenient method of creation. If an organism of simple structure has been thus “eliminated,” why not one of more complex organisation? The author’s views are rather obscurely expressed, but perhaps the clearest exposition of his creed is to be found in the following passage: “All forms have been composed originally out of the surrounding elements, and when established persistently are constituted to continue themselves by sexual generation” (p. 25). Yet this quotation by no means fully explains the author’s hypotheses, which, so far as we understand them, may be expressed somewhat in these terms:—Every kind of organism, however complex in structure, has been originally created by a process of abiogenesis; any number of like organisms may have been simultaneously produced by this means in any number of independent centres; each organism was at first capable of reproducing its kind by asexual processes, but eventually sexual characters were developed, and reproduction was then effected according to the normal mode. Taken severally, there is no great novelty in any of these propositions; and taken jointly they form a system of creation which will hardly satisfy the requirements of modern science.

In discussing the antiquity of the earth and its human inhabitants, Mr. Strange seeks to account for the climatic changes

which different parts of the earth’s surface have experienced in the course of geological history. He refers the axial rotation of the earth to the effect of magnetic force emanating from the sun; and conceives that by variations in the direction of the solar magnetic current, the axis of the earth may be undergoing a slow constant movement relatively to the surface—a movement which would subject every portion of the surface to two glacial and two torrid epochs in the course of each rotation. If the polar axis of the earth is thus altering its position, he believes that the earth changes its form to adapt itself to the shifting poles; the equator would move in unison with the poles, and as each portion of the earth became equatorial the elastic crust would bulge out by the increased centrifugal force to which it was subjected; hence, according to Mr. Strange, the great cause of dislocations in the earth’s crust.

F. W. RUDLER.

The Jātaka; with its Commentary. For the first time published in the Original Pāli by V. Fausböll; and translated by R. C. Childers. (London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

SINCE the publication of his edition of the *Dhammapada* in 1855, Mr. Fausböll, of Copenhagen, has made the *Jātakas* his peculiar study, having edited the *Makasa Jātaka* in April 1858 for the *Berichte der König. Preuss. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin*, and at intervals in 1861, 1870, 1871, and 1872, having published the text of twenty-two other *Jātakas*, mostly with English translations and notes.*

In a review of his *Ten Jātakas* (1872), which Mr. R. C. Childers contributed to this journal† that scholar urged Mr. Fausböll, instead of giving us from time to time detached fragments of the *Jātaka*, to begin at the beginning and edit the whole book at stated intervals; and we are very glad to see that this important and interesting work has now been undertaken—Mr. Fausböll editing the text, and Mr. Childers himself providing an English translation. The work is brought out under subvention from the Danish Government, and will be completed in five volumes, divided into ten parts of about 240 pages each; the first of which, containing vol. i. Part I. of the Pāli text, is now before us, and the whole of which will, it is hoped, appear within the next ten years.

The great value of these old Buddhist tales is already known from the specimens which have appeared either in the original Pāli, as edited by Mr. Fausböll, or in the translations of Spence Hardy, Bishop Bigandet, Captain Rogers, and others. Many of them are nearly identical with different fables, fairy tales, and comic stories which have become the common property of the Aryan races; and, if not the original source, they have probably in many instances preserved the oldest form in which those interesting specimens of folk-lore have come down to us. Besides this, all the *Jātakas* take for granted the same social customs, and

* Trübner & Co., 1872.

† See the ACADEMY for October 15, 1872, p. 381, *et seq.*

thus give a faithful picture of the state of civilisation which had been reached by the people among whom they assumed their present form.

Although the period at which this took place cannot as yet be exactly ascertained, still it is known with sufficient accuracy to make this record a very valuable one. The present edition opens with eleven lines of Pāli verse, in which the author states that these stories were told by the great sage (Buddha) himself, and were all collected together and added to the canon of scripture by those who made the recension of the scriptures, and rehearsed by them under the name of *Jātaka*; and that he, the author, at the request of three monks whom he names, now promulgates the commentary on the *Jātaka* according to the tradition of the inmates of the great monastery in Anurādhapura, Ceylon. It is known from other sources that the author is Buddhaghosha, who wrote in the beginning of the fifth century A.D., and the tradition he refers to must have followed the Sinhalese commentary composed by Mahendra in the middle of the third century B.C., just after the last of the great Councils of the Buddhist Church had been held under his father Asoka. There can be very little doubt that both text and commentary were handed down from the time of Mahendra to that of Buddhaghosha, substantially unaltered; but in the present state of our knowledge it is not possible to say how far the text as received by Mahendra is likely to have been identical with that settled at the first Council immediately after the death of Buddha, or how far the latter was really a reproduction of Buddha's own words, or, lastly, how much of these stories is really due to Buddha, and how much existed in the shape of folk-lore even before his time. As more and more of the Pāli texts are published, we may hope to give a clearer answer to these questions; at present we are very glad to have made accessible to us what is practically an edition by Buddhaghosha of the text of the *Jātakas* as brought to Ceylon by Mahendra, enriched by notes on the meaning of some passages, and on the origin of the stories, based on the explanations given by Mahendra to the first Buddhists in Ceylon.

How careful the author has been is shown by his reference to the *Buddhavansa* and to the opinions of other commentators where they differ from his own. Thus he mentions at p. 50 that the *Dighabhāṇakas* held that Buddha saw the "four signs" of old age, sickness, death, and religion, on the same day, whereas he (Buddhaghosha) makes them appear on four different days. Again (p. 62) he states that the *Jātaka* commentary stands alone in making Rāhula seven days old on the night when Buddha abandoned his home; and he (Buddhaghosha) therefore follows the others. And again on p. 66, in describing Buddha's first interview with the king of Rājagriha, he refers the reader for a fuller description of it to the *Pabbajjāsutta* and its commentary.

The Pāli text of the *Jātakas* and Buddhaghosha's notes are throughout kept perfectly distinct, and the latter are of three kinds only. Firstly, at the commence-

ment of each story is given the place at which and the person about which each story is supposed to have been told by Buddha, and the circumstances under which he told it are briefly related.* Then at the end of each story is a paragraph stating that Buddha, having told it, summarised it, saying "At that time I, Buddha, was so and so, Ananda was so and so," &c.—dividing the principal characters of the story among himself and his contemporaries. Thirdly, each story hinges on a verse of poetry, and to that verse—and to that verse only—is added a commentary—that is, an explanation and paraphrase of each word in the verse. Beside, however, the introduction, the summary, and the verbal commentary on the cardinal verse of each story, Buddhaghosha has added an introduction to the whole work, consisting firstly, of the few lines first referred to; secondly, of a very brief account of the twenty-four previous Buddhas; and thirdly, of a life of Buddha; which last—though the most clear and authentic sketch of the early life of Buddha we at present possess—unfortunately ends abruptly in the second year of his ministry after describing Anāthapiṇḍika's presentation to him of the Jētavana vihāra.†

Very interesting are the results of a comparison between this life of Buddha and those from more modern sources which were hitherto available, especially with Spence Hardy's sketch in his *Manual of Buddhism* (1860), derived from various Sinhalese sources, Bishop Bigandet's translation of the Burmese translation of the Pāli *Mallalinga-ravatthu* (1858), and Mr. Beal's translation of the Chinese version of the Sanskrit *Abhinishkramana Sūtra* of the Northern Buddhists (1875).

Of these the *Jātaka* account, though not without miraculous incidents, is the most simple; that of Bigandet comes the nearest to it, using in many passages exactly the same words; Spence Hardy gives substantially the same account, but with additions: and in those additions are found some absurd legends; while the Chinese account often differs from the others in the details or the order of the incidents, and contains, besides, a number of miraculous legends full of the most absurd monstrosities. Where the accounts differ, the light thrown upon them by the *Jātaka* is exceedingly interesting and instructive, especially as showing the gra-

* Every verse in the *Dhammapada* and each sutta in the *Sutta Nipāta* has also its *locus* and *persona* assigned to it. I have already had occasion (ACADEMY, May 1, 1875) to point out that where the same verses occur in the two works just mentioned the *locus* and *persona* do not agree. In the *Jātaka* there are several verses also occurring in the *Dhammapada*, and the *locus* and *persona* agree in each case; but the story in pp. 199 et seq. of the *Jātaka* is substantially the same as that in the commentary to the *Dhammapada*, pp. 184 et seq., where a different *locus* and *persona* are given.

† As the discoveries of General Cunningham have lately attracted much attention to this "vihāra," it may be interesting to state that its presentation is described at some length, and that a list is afterwards given of similar presentations to former Buddhas; the land in each case having been purchased by covering it over with gold bricks, coins, &c., laid side by side, the objects so used differing in each case. The word *koṭi* explained in Mr. Childers's letter to the ACADEMY, dated April 27, 1875, is only used in the case of Anāthapiṇḍika.

dual growth of the supernatural parts of the biography. For instance, when his relations complain of the young prince, the future Buddha, that he is remiss in martial and manly exercises, the *Jātaka* simply mentions that he surpassed all the archers, and showed his superiority in the twelve different arts: the Burmese account agrees with this, but makes the number of the arts eighteen: the Sinhalese version says the same, but adds a sentence in which among other wonders the vibration of the twang of his bow is said to have been heard over 7,000 miles: while the Chinese account places the whole occurrence at a different time, and has eight pages full of the miracles which it ascribes to Buddha on that occasion.

Again, Buddha is said to have acquired complete wisdom sitting under the Botree on eight bundles of grass presented to him by a Brahman named Sānti: the Pāli *Jātaka* says that when he had placed them on the ground they made a couch fourteen cubits long, and "appeared in such a shape as even a clever painter or draughtsman would not be able to delineate." Bigandet has—

"He . . . scattered them on the ground; when on a sudden there appeared, emerging as it were from the bottom of the earth, a throne fourteen cubits high adorned with the choicest sculptures and paintings, superior in perfection to all that art could produce."

Spence Hardy goes somewhat further, and says:—

"At the spot where they [the bundles of grass] touched the ground the earth opened, and by the power of his pāramitās a throne arose fourteen cubits high, the roots of the grass being hid, whilst the blades appeared as a beautiful canopy, wrought by the skill of a clever workman."

The Chinese account says that it was the Archangel Śakra, who, under the form of Sānti, gave Buddha the grass which was shining as peacocks' feathers, of a beautiful blue-like colour, with its points all turning to the right; that when Buddha accepted it the earth quaked six times, and suddenly 500 blue birds coming from the ten quarters of space flew up, and turning to the right circumvented Buddha three times, and then "followed him as he advanced: 500 garuḍas* coming from the four quarters did the same: 500 peacocks (and, in short, every kind of bird and beast) coming up did the same;" and so on—the description being so florid and exaggerated that Mr. Beal has not thought it worth while to translate the whole. On the other hand, the Chinese account merely says that Buddha when he sat down "arranged the grass with his right hand on the eastern side of the tree."

There are several passages where the numbers given in this original text of the *Jātaka* throw light on those which occur in the other accounts. Thus the *Jātaka* gives aṭṭhasatam as the number of Brahmins present at the festival given when the holy child received its name, while Bigandet has 180, Spence Hardy having 108; Beal's account differs altogether, but he says that 32,000 Brahmins were feasted for seven days when the horoscope was cast! A little further on, the same word in the Pāli explains a similar

* A garuḍa is a legendary creature, half bird half man, of gigantic size, always at war with the Nāgās, or serpents.

confusion between 800 and 108 in the accounts of a farm-feast, at which Buddha's father attended.

Again, when King Bimbisāra went to welcome Buddha to Rājagriha, the *Jātaka* says he was accompanied by twelve *nahutas* of *brahmins*, a "nahuta," according to Mr. Childers's dictionary, being "a vast number, 10,000,000, or 1 followed by 28 ciphers." The commentary on the *Dhammapada** in a description of this scene uses the same expression; but both Bigandet (p. 101) and Spence Hardy (p. 191) have *twelve laks* of *Kshatriyas*. The *Manual of Buddhism*, a little further on (p. 193), says that a "nahuta" is equal to 10,000; which interpretation, if allowable, would reconcile the different versions; while Beal says that Bimbisāra was "surrounded by his ministers and the Brahmins with countless other persons."

This introductory life of Buddha occupies nearly half of the part now published; the remainder consists of the Pāli text, &c., of thirty-eight *Jātaka* stories, of which two, the *Devadhamma* and *Sammadamāna Jātakas*, have already been edited by Mr. Fausböll; and two, the *Apannaka* and the *Munika Jātakas*, have been translated by Spence Hardy.† The remainder are mostly fables in which animals play the principal parts: one of them, the *Baka Jātaka*, being the old story of the stork, the fishes, and the crab. In another story occurs a curious proof of the tolerance of Buddhism, the most tolerant of religions. A priest, reborn as an elephant, has been corrupted by overhearing the talk of thieves; Buddha proposes to remove the bad impression by causing him to overhear the conversation of pious Buddhist ascetics and *Brahmins*. It is not often that one finds the sacred books of a sect ascribing—quite as a matter of course—such efficacy to the religious conversation of its bitterest foes.

Space prevents my pointing out many other points of interest in these stories; but every student of Pāli or of Folk-lore must read the book for himself. The names on the title-page are ample guarantee as to the quality of the work both in text and translation. Mr. Fausböll has endeavoured by the use of different-sized types to render reference to the stories as easy as possible; and though he has avoided that over-abundant use of European punctuation which is so unsightly in Oriental texts, he has made more use of it than in his *Dhammapada*, which sometimes went to the other extreme.‡ In an enthusiastic sentence in the preface, Mr. Fausböll expresses a hope that the use of Roman types will ultimately supersede that of all others; and this volume certainly proves that Oriental texts, at least in Pāli or languages resembling it, may be printed in Roman type with almost absolute correctness.

It would add to the handiness of the edition if the larger stories were divided into paragraphs; and especially if the lines in each page were numbered down the narrower margin.

It only remains to say that the proof-sheets of the first part of the translation,

which have been seen by us, show that Mr. Childers adds to his other gifts that of a great command of English; his version combining in an unusual degree exactness of translation with elegance of style.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

CAVENDISH LABORATORY, CAMBRIDGE.

THE new Physical Laboratory is the gift to the University of her Chancellor, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and for size and completeness is unsurpassed, and probably unequalled, by any laboratory in the world. It has been open for over a year, but it will still be some time before it is completely fitted up. It is situated in Free School Lane, between the lane and the old "New Museums." The building is an exceedingly handsome one, constructed of a yellow freestone much used in Cambridge. Entering through the beautifully-carved oak doors we leave the assistant's house on our right, and turning to the left enter the main building, the general plan of which could be roughly represented by four squares placed three in a line and one at the side of one of the end ones. In the vestibule is the lavatory, passing which, and turning to the left, we find ourselves in the unpacking room, a big bare place a few feet below the level of the street and communicating with it by a special door and an inclined plane, down which heavy cases can be wheeled. At one side is a lift beautifully arranged with counter-weights for raising apparatus to the museum-room above. Adjoining the unpacking room is the workshop, where stands one of Whitworth's best lathes with self-acting motions, American drill-chucks, dividing plates, and many other wonderful things. This is a good place to mention that not only the lathe but the whole of the apparatus is, as well as the laboratory, the gift of the Chancellor, who, moreover, being a scientific man himself, and knowing the amount of thought required for contriving instruments, has made his gift doubly valuable by giving us (I think) two years in which to buy our standard apparatus, so that nothing need be ordered in a hurry or until elaborate experiments have been made as to the best form of each piece of apparatus.

Beyond the workshop is the battery room, which is situated under the lecture room, with which it is connected by various trapdoors, wires, pipes, &c. It contains beside the batteries a big receiver for oxygen gas. These rooms are all in what would be represented by the side square of our plan. Returning through the unpacking room into the oblong part, we pass the weighing and measuring room, where stand balances by Oertling, in which if a piece of paper be counterpoised a light ink mark made on it an eighth of an inch in length will turn the scale, caliper gauges by Elliot which measure to the thousandth of an inch, &c.

Now we must deposit our knives, keys, and any other iron which may be about us, for we are coming to the long range of magnetic rooms where magnets curiously suspended by silk fibres are having their positions read by means of all the refinements in telescopes, scales, and circles, of which modern instrumental science is capable. Here we see all the hot-water pipes are made of copper, that their expansion and contraction may not affect the instruments. Iron bolts, however, are freely used in the ceiling, and in other places away from the apparatus, for it is only moving iron that affects the work. In the last of these rooms is a stone table, on which stands the great electro-dynamometer, the property of the British Association, which is deposited in the Cavendish Laboratory. In another part of the floor is a stone slab, on which the horizontal force magnetometer (Kew pattern), the property of the laboratory, is placed. The slab and the stone table are each bedded in deep concrete to ensure steadiness,

Returning to the vestibule we go up the staircase with its beautiful carved oak balustrade, and arrive at the first floor. On the right is the lecture room, perhaps the handsomest room of its kind in England, containing seats for about 150 students. The table runs right across the room, and is supported on a wall quite independently of the floor. It is excellently lighted, but if we turn a winch in the wall we see all the shutters slowly closing at once till we are left in complete darkness. Behind the lecture-room and opening into it is the preparation room, where apparatus can be got ready for lecture; beyond this is the museum room, where as soon as our glass cases arrive all the apparatus not in use will be displayed. The lift from the unpacking room below enables instruments to be placed here without the shaking which is unavoidable when heavy things are carried up a staircase. Passing through the museum we come to Professor Maxwell's private room, where stands the Thomson electrometer, to describe all the details of which would alone take a small volume. We next find ourselves in the general laboratory, a lofty room sixty feet by thirty, and containing twelve large tables. Here is the Bramah press, by means of which a pressure or strain which is indicated on the gauge as three tons per square inch can be applied. Here also are all the British Association standard units of resistance, a comparison of which with one another to see if they have varied since they were made in 1864 is now in progress. Here also are the bridge resistance coils, and galvanometers of the same kind as those by which the position of a fault, say in the Atlantic cable a thousand miles from land, can be determined within a few yards; they are, however, used for other purposes here, chiefly for the determination of the electrical constants of other instruments in absolute measure. Here, also, are the British Association whirling coils and governors which were used for the determination of the first units. The tables stand on black blocks set in holes in the floor, and these pass through to beams which support the tables independently of the floor. There are trap-doors in the floor and ceiling in every direction, each in the ceiling being exactly over one in the floor, so that wires, say for torsion experiments, can be hung from the roof to the basement of the building.

Going up stairs to the second floor, and turning to the left, we first come to the Electrical Room (Static), where stand electrical machines and Leyden jars of all kinds. This room is to have an artificially dried atmosphere, produced by an endless band of flannel constantly revolving over two rollers, one in the room and the other kept heated by gas and placed in the chimney. A trap-door in the wall opens into the lecture-room, so that wires can be carried from the electrical machines to the lecture-table.

There is also here a dark room for photographic purposes. In another part of the room is a little window, so placed, that a heliostat set on the ledge outside will send a beam of sunlight down the whole length of the neighbouring passage. Opening from this passage are five small rooms, chiefly intended to be used as private rooms for advanced students. In one, the optic bench stands. In another, experiments on polarised light have been conducted. In a third is the spectroscope. Going up stairs again, we come to a room situated in the roof of the lecture-room, from traps in the floor of which Foucault's pendulum, spheres for electrification, diagrams, &c., can be suspended. There is also another room called the mercury-room, where is to be the upper end of a pipe (not yet constructed) reaching to the basement of the building to enable us to compress gases, &c., under a column of mercury of considerable height.

On the roof above is to be a mast with a conductor for collecting atmospheric electricity.

There are, as yet, but few students working in this admirable institution, but the numbers increase every term, and a good deal has been done;

* Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 120.

† In the *Manual of Buddhism*, pp. 108–112.

‡ Compare, for instance, p. 199 of the *Jātaka* with p. 186 of *Dhammapada*.

papers on the results of experimental work in the laboratory have been communicated to the Royal Society, the Cambridge Philosophical Society, &c., &c. The advantage to science in having such a place as this under the direction of such a man as Professor Clerk Maxwell is simply incalculable, and every scientific man, not only in Cambridge, but in all England, must most heartily agree in the sentiments expressed in the following quotation from the official letter of thanks sent in June of last year by the Senate of the University to the Chancellor on the opening of the laboratory:—

"Simul grates agimus simul gratulamur quod ea te penes est laus studia promovisse ad omnes Naturae leges indagandas utilissima."

The unfortunate physiologists envy us sadly. Last term thirty-five men were working at delicate microscopy in one small room. Under such circumstances accurate results could hardly have been expected, and yet much good work has been done. Here is a fine opportunity for any rich man who wishes to do good. To build a physiological laboratory would be a better way of spending 20,000*l.* than most charities afford. When we mention that Dr. Michael Foster is at the head of the physiological school, we give a sufficient guarantee that such an establishment would be well used. We believe that if something is not done soon even the present school will have to be broken up, as the space is quite inadequate to its wants.

J. E. H. GORDON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ASTRONOMY.

The Satellites of Uranus and Neptune.—Since the completion of the great Washington refractor of twenty-six inches' aperture, it has been devoted to the observation of these objects; which are too faint for any but the very largest telescopes. Professor Newcomb, who made the micrometer measures, has discussed them in an appendix to the Washington Observations, arriving at the conclusion that the orbits of these satellites are all sensibly circular (being certainly less eccentric than those of the planets of our system), and that those of the Uranian system lie in one plane. Only one satellite to Neptune has been detected, though a second was repeatedly looked for, and no trace of any satellites exterior to the four known members of the Uranian system has been seen, though Sir W. Herschel concluded there were six. From the excessive faintness of the four satellites of Uranus, Professor Newcomb considers that their masses can hardly exceed $\frac{1}{15000}$ of that of the planet, so that their mutual perturbations would be insensible, while the sun's disturbing effect is exceedingly small, and thus the problem of determining their motions becomes comparatively simple. The chief importance of this problem is that it gives the masses of Uranus and Neptune more accurately than any other method, all that is required for this purpose being to know the greatest apparent distance of one of the satellites from its primary and the period of revolution. In this way Professor Newcomb finds the mass of Uranus to be $\frac{1}{22600}$ of that of the sun, a result which is probably true within $\frac{1}{200}$ th part, while the mass of Neptune is $\frac{1}{16400}$. One element of uncertainty in these results is the chromatic aberration of the eye-piece used in 1873, the webs being illuminated by red light, while that of the satellites is greenish yellow, so that the web is not really on the satellite when it appears to be. The effect of this is that there is a difficulty in converting the measured distance into seconds of arc. Professor Newcomb has not been able to detect any markings on Uranus, and can therefore form no conclusion as to the period of rotation, which is a matter of some interest.

Pogson's Comet of 1872.—Professor Bruhns has contributed in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* a paper towards the further discussion of the

question whether the comet found by Pogson on December 2, in accordance with the prediction of Klinkerfues, was really Biela's comet, and connected with the star-shower of November 27. Unfortunately, this comet was only seen on two days, and the observations are therefore insufficient to determine the orbit, though the observed rate of motion on these two days serves to supplement this deficiency. But Professor Bruhns is unable to reconcile the observed places with the hypothesis that the object was either one of the heads of Biela's comet or the meteor-stream of November 27; and there is the further difficulty that, in order to have arrived at that time, Biela's comet must have been delayed eighty-eight days by some unexplained perturbations, while the inclination of its orbit must have been decreased 2°, an effect which Professor Bruhns finds could not result from the attraction of the earth during the comet's approach. These conclusions agree with those of other astronomers who have discussed the question, leading to the conclusion that Pogson's comet was not in any way connected either with Biela's or with the meteor-stream, and that it was an entirely new comet. Professor Bruhns has not considered the possibility that the two observations might refer to the two different heads of Biela's comet; it would, however, have been difficult to deduce any trustworthy conclusion from such an hypothesis.

The August Meteors.—The star-shower of August 9, 10, and 11 was remarkably striking, and was well observed on the Continent, the report of the observations being given by M. Wolf in the *Comptes Rendus*. The greatest number observed was at Lisbon, where 1,227 meteors were noted by M. Capello in one night; but it is possible that even more may be seen next year. M. Tacchini, at Palermo, has determined the radiant points of a number of meteors, and concludes that they are all included in a very elongated ellipse—a point of some importance now, as the extent of the radiant area determines how much the orbits of the individual meteors composing the stream are scattered. A curious phenomenon was witnessed by M. Coran at Courtenay, in the shape of a luminous arch extending over more than 120°, and moving eastward among the stars, an appearance which seems to be connected with the star-shower.

The Atmosphere of Venus.—At the late transit of Venus Professor Watson, the chief of the American Expedition to Peking, remarked certain dark fringes shortly before internal contact at egress, which he considers to have been caused by undulations in the atmosphere of Venus, these fringes being succeeded by a uniform grey tint at the point of contact, which, according to Professor Watson, is due to a partial illumination or twilight from the atmosphere. The same cause would render Venus visible as a faintly illuminated body against a dark background when off the sun's disc; but this would be exactly the opposite of what some observers, including M. Janssen, noticed, for, according to all the accounts which have reached us, Venus was seen projected as a dark body on the sun's corona—a fact which cannot well be reconciled with Professor Watson's explanation, though there can be no doubt that the arc of light seen round part of the planet was the result of refraction by her atmosphere. Both the grey tint and the undulating fringes were remarked in observations with the model used for practice before the transit, and as there could here be no question of atmosphere round the planet (which was represented by a black disc of metal) the former was explained on the undulatory theory of light, as the result of a very narrow line of light being spread out by irradiation, and thus enfeebled, while the latter were referred to tremors in our own atmosphere (disappearing when the air was free from disturbance), the effect of these undulations being to form two or more images in succession, one above the other. The German, Russian and English observers all arranged before-

hand (from what had been noticed with the model) to take the change from the grey tint to absolute blackness as the most definite phase at internal contact. It seems unnecessary therefore to try to explain this well-marked phenomenon by means of the atmosphere of Venus.

Professor Watson has further determined the height of this atmosphere by its effect in increasing the diameter of Venus, his result being some fifty miles; but it is not clear how far the question of irradiation, which is all important in this case, has been considered. There is so much personality, both of instrument and observer, in all measures of diameter that it is not easy to answer for such a small quantity, especially when it is remembered that the apparent diameter of Venus, when seen black on the sun's disc, is as much diminished by irradiation as it is ordinarily increased thereby, since every bright surface encroaches on a dark body in apparent juxtaposition with it.

Observations of the Zodiacal Light.—Professor Heis has published the observations of this phenomenon, made by himself at Münster, and by Herr Weber at Peckeloh, during the last twenty-nine years, the position of the zodiacal light having been noted by Professor Heis on 287 nights, and by his friend on 134, forming a remarkably fine series of observations. In his introduction Professor Heis gives a brief summary of the phenomena seen by other observers, among which may be mentioned an inner cone, or core as it were, seen by Herr Eyler during a voyage in the year 1873; the faint light opposite the sun's place discovered by Brorsen in 1854, and since seen by Heis and others; and the extension of the zodiacal light right across the heavens forming a complete semi-circle, which, however, appears not to have been in all cases coincident with the ecliptic. Though Professor Heis has not discussed his observations with the view of testing any hypothesis, he gives as his opinion that the Zodiacal Light is a ring surrounding the earth, but whether inside or outside the orbit of the moon he leaves others to decide from simultaneous observations in the northern and southern hemispheres.

The Solar Eclipse.—At the newly-established observatory of Montsouris, where the instruments returned from the French Transit of Venus Expedition have been erected, a number of photographs of the sun (daguerreotype and collodion) were taken during the eclipse, and numerous measures of the distances of the cusps were made with the two equatorials of eight and six inches aperture respectively, the object being to compare the two classes of measures as made during the late Transit of Venus. It is worthy of notice that the dry plates used (Stebbing's process) had been prepared more than fifteen months before, and were exposed to great extremes of temperature during the voyage to St. Paul's Island and back. The new observatory at Montsouris has been established under the Bureau des Longitudes for the training of naval officers in practical astronomy.

Somewhat similar observations of the eclipse were made at Greenwich, measures of the cusps being made with the great equatorial and photographs taken with the photo-heliograph with the object of determining the correction to the Lunar Tables at the time of new moon.

MICROSCOPICAL NOTES.

It has been usually supposed that insects of the moth and butterfly sorts confined themselves to food that was accessible to a sucking apparatus, without any aid from a penetrating tool; but in April last year, Mr. McIntire exhibited, and presented to the Royal Microscopical Society, a slide containing the proboscis of an unknown moth, which terminated in a sharp chitinous tooth, above which were several saw-like teeth, and also some teeth set the reverse way. Mr. McIntire stated that the insect from which he obtained this

organ was "a drab-coloured moth, inclining to a reddish brown," which he bought, with other damaged specimens, "said to come from West Africa." As he observed, "this instrument would pierce most vegetable structures, and when penetration was effected, the recurved spines would act as hold-fasts, and enable the insect leisurely to obtain its food." He added, that every captor of such a moth might be astonished by a smart prick. The figure of this proboscis, drawn by Mr. McIntire, was given in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for May, 1874. We were not aware of any further information being obtained on this subject until we saw *Comptes Rendus* for August 30, 1875, in which is a paper by M. Künnel, "On Lepidoptera with a Perforating Proboscis Destructive of Oranges." This paper states that Mr. Thozet, a French botanist, established at Rockhampton, a little town in tropical Australia, sent over in 1871 specimens of *Ophideres*, moths which he accused of piercing oranges to get at their juice. Not believing that any lepidopter had an organ adapted to such work, M. Künnel neglected to examine the specimens till lately, when he received No. 9 of a magazine called the *Capricornian*, dated May 8 of this year, in which was an anonymous article describing the depredations of *O. Fullonica*, and stating that with suitable precautions they might, on fine nights, be caught in the very act. M. Künnel then examined *O. Fullonica*, *materna*, *salamina*, and *imperator*, and found all provided with perforating probosces, which he describes as being admirable augers. He figures that of *O. Fullonica*, which, though not exactly the same as Mr. MacIntire's specimen, resembles it in general characters. The *Ophideres* belong to the *Noctuidæ*, a very numerous division of moths, and it would be well if collectors would carefully examine their stores to see if any beside the *Ophideres* exhibit this interesting deviation from the usual character of lepidopterous insects. We have inquired in vain in London for the *Capricornian*, which we presume is quite a new publication.

Passing to botanical subjects, we notice that M. J. Chatin has communicated to the French Academy a paper "On the Development and Structure of Internal Leaf Glands." He has studied this subject in several groups, *Aurantiacæ*, *Hypericaceæ*, *Rutaceæ*, *Diosmeæ* and *Lauraceæ*. He states that these glands "are formed in the mesophyll, sometimes in the ramose, and sometimes in the muriform parenchyma." "In a young leaf, only a few centimètres long, a mesophyll cell may be seen to take on itself an ovoid form and a special development. The chlorophyll gradually disappears, a partition is formed across the primitive cell, and soon through a similar division four cells appear, distinguished by their thin walls and fresh colour from the surrounding tissue. The gland seldom stops at this stage, but proceeds to multiply the cells, eight, sixteen . . . *n* cells, until it reaches the perfect state." It then commences its physiological action, secreting its peculiar substance, and frequently destroying adjacent cells to make room for the accumulation. In *Schinus molle* veritable canals are formed to hold the secretion. In reference to this paper, M. A. Trécul remarked on the distinction between gums secreted by living cells and gums formed by the disorganisation of cellular membranes and starch (*Comptes Rendus*, September 20, 1875).

M. ADOLFE BRONGNIART states, in the same journal for August 16, 1875, that having noticed a peculiar structure in certain silicified seeds from the coal-field of St. Etienne, he sought for the same in living cycads. Near the summit of the ovule, close to the micropyle of the seed-test, he observed in the fossil seeds a cavity containing granules which seemed to be pollen grains. This year the chief gardener of the Museum, M. Houillet, succeeded in fecundating a female cone of *Ceratostamia Mexicana*; and a microscopical investigation, made by M. Renault at M. Brong-

niart's request, revealed the same arrangement as in the fossil seeds. The gradual formation of a pollinic chamber was observed, the details of which are described in the paper referred to.

AMONG the fungi that have lately attracted the particular attention of microscopists must be placed the *Puccinia*, which attacked the leaves of hollyhocks in all English gardens last year, and often with fatal effect. Herr P. Magnus, writing in *Der Naturforscher*, No. 33, gives an account of its progress in Southern and Middle Europe. In July, 1874, Professor Oudemans found it spread all over Holland. In August of that year Herr Rostrap reported its appearance over the southern part of Fünen. Dr. Brehmer saw it in a garden at Lübeck in July, 1874. In July, 1875, it was seen at Hildesheim by Dr. Eichenbaum. Herr Magnus observes: "We see how this monad passed from France to England, along the sea-coast to Holland, Denmark, Lübeck, and the North-German coast." It also passed from France to South Germany. It was seen at Strassburg and Rastatt by Dr. Schoeter in October, 1873, and in July, 1874, Professor Abbes met with it at Stuttgart. In the same month Herr Kellermann noticed it at Nürnberg and Erlangen, and in August it was found at Baireuth. It has also extended to Italy and Spain. It came originally from America.

Der Naturforscher, No. 37, cites a paper from the *Annales de Chimie*, August, 1875, showing that water containing foul matter, and swarming with bacteria, can be purified through the action exerted by the roots of a live plant. M. Jeannel arrived at this conclusion from comparative trials with two vessels in which he allowed white beans to rot, and also pieces of flesh. In three days the bacteria and other infusoria disappeared from the vessel in which the plant was placed, and multiplied in the other.

No. 35 of the same Journal contains an important paper, copied from the *Botanischer Zeitung*, No. 26 of this year, by Herr J. Reinke, on the growth of inorganic cells, following up the researches of Herr Traube. Among other substances Herr Reinke operated with crystals of sulphate of copper placed in a five or ten per cent. solution of potassic ferrocyanate, and watched under the microscope. At first the chemical reaction causes a deposit which follows the shape of the crystal, but as the latter is dissolved the artificial cell throws out projections and becomes rounder. Further details will be found in the paper.

At the meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society on the 6th inst. Dr. Hudson exhibited a splendid collection of drawings of rotifers, made by himself in white and coloured chalks on a black ground, and he described a new *Melicerita*, differing from the well-known *M. ringens* in not constructing a tube with the moulded pellets of that species, but contenting herself with one made of rings of mucous superimposed in succession like that of *Stephanoceros*. The mucous-secreting organ of this rotifer occupies a similar place to the pellet-moulding organ of *M. ringens*, and Dr. Hudson calls it *M. tyro*, considering it a tyro in the building art as compared with its namesake. When expanded, the lobes of the disk assume an elegant butterfly form, and it has two remarkably long and retractile antennae. A paper by Dr. Pigott was read, commenting on the fallacies frequently entertained concerning chromatic and spherical aberrations, and showing their identical characters. When white light and lenses with spherical curves are used, the chromatic aberration is the spherical aberration of each coloured ray. It ought not to be necessary to give such explanations to a learned society, but some astounding blunders have appeared in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* from correspondents, and many experienced observers do not seem to have taken the real facts sufficiently into account. At the same meeting Messrs. R. and J. Beck exhibited a new student's microscope, intended spe-

cially to compete with the foreign patterns that have been so largely purchased in medical schools, and to offer some further advantages. The secretary also showed a pocket lens constructed on a new formula by Mr. Browning. It is an achromatic triplet, with a flat field half an inch in diameter, and so finely corrected as to exhibit clearly minute structure that requires a much higher power when the usual double and triple combinations are employed. It is likewise to be commended for its abundance of light. It has a focus of about half an inch. We believe other sizes will be made.

HERR HASERT, of Eisenach, asserts that he has constructed a new objective capable of showing the most difficult diatoms (*Amphipleura pellucida*, &c.) with direct light, and requiring no correction for varying thickness of covering glass. Questions concerning this objective were asked at the late meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, and it was stated that the glass had been highly spoken of by one observer in this country, but more definite information was required.

In the October number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* will be found some interesting observations on *Cephalosiphon* by Dr. Hudson, and the figure of a supposed new tube-dwelling infusorian which he names *Archimedeia remex*, as it protrudes its ciliated front in a corkscrew form. The same journal contains a reprint of Professor Allman's address to the Linnean Society on "Recent Progress in our knowledge of the Ciliate Infusoria," and a translation—not always clear—from Professor Abbes' paper on the Microscope in Schulze's *Archiv*, vol. ix., 1873. It is to be regretted that the style in which this paper is written renders it very difficult to translate, but we should advise more pains in the continuation which is promised.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (Friday, October 8).

F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., Director, in the Chair. After a few congratulatory remarks by the chairman on the opening of the third session of the Society, the first paper, "Notes on Mr. Daniel's Theory of the Relation of the first and second Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*," by James Spedding, Esq., Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was read by Mr. F. D. Matthew, as was also Mr. Daniel's answer to Mr. Spedding. Mr. Spedding contended that the first Quarto was a substantially correct and perfect representation of the play as performed by the Lord Hunsdon's servants in 1596-7, and that it was Shakspeare's first sketch of his play, while the second Quarto was that play corrected, augmented, and amended by Shakspeare at least after two years' further practice of his art and development of his genius. Mr. Spedding argued that the passages expounded in the second Quarto existed in germ in the first, and made good sense, without the need of supposing them to be shortened representatives of the larger Q₁. Mr. Daniel, on the other hand, supported his old argument that Q₁ was a curtailed and often perverted version of Q₂, not only by the opinion of prior editors and his former instances, but by showing that many of the enlargements in Q₂ were drawn from Arthur Brooke's *Romeus*—the acknowledged source of the play—and were evidently taken thence at the same time as the passages used in Q₁. But Mr. Daniel confessed that he could not account for the beautiful passages in Q₁, p. 82 of the New Shakspeare Society's *Parallel Texts* about waking eyes attending the frolic day, &c. An interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. Furnivall, Dr. Nicholson, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Simpson, Mr. A. J. Ellis, and Mr. Pickersgill took part, and in which the balance of opinion was much on the side of Mr. Daniel's view. Mr. Furnivall and Dr. Nicholson both also argued in favour of the view advanced elsewhere by Mr. Daniel that the first Quarto

contained, on p. 148 of the *Parallel Texts*, passages not written by Shakspeare ("accurst, unhappy, miserable man," &c.), but belonging to an older play. The second paper was by Dr. Wickham Legg on the *Elflocks* in *Romeo and Juliet*, I., iv. 80. Dr. Legg contended that the view of all the critics but Nares and Mr. Daniel was right, that the "foul sluttish locks" were the *plica Polonica*; and that the untangling of these was held so inauspicious that Polish peasants would die almost sooner than consent to it. It was, therefore, clear that the reading of the Quartos and first Folio "untangled" was right, and ought not to have been changed to "entangled" by Mr. Daniel.

FINE ART.

A Pocket Guide to the Public and Private Galleries of Holland and Belgium. By Lord Ronald Gower. 16mo. (London: S. Low & Co., 1875.)

A NEATLY got up little book, convenient size, good paper, and clear type; nevertheless, we should advise people about to study art in Belgium and Holland not to burthen themselves with it. It may, as the author states, have been printed to save both time and trouble to the art-student and amateur, but will involve loss of both to those who are really students.

In his preface the author decries the ill-arranged catalogues of the Public Galleries, these being either chronological, as at Antwerp and Brussels, with a good index of names at the end, or alphabetical, as at Amsterdam; in either case by means of the number on the picture it is easy to find the notice in the catalogue—notice generally preceded by a biographical sketch of the artist. The one defect to our mind common to all official catalogues, both at home and abroad is that no distinction is made between attributed pictures and those the authenticity of which is established, a system decidedly prejudicial to the advance of knowledge of the history of art. Really authentic pictures ought to be marked off as beyond dispute, and as regards all others, the grounds of attribution stated. In this respect the present work is no better than the local catalogues; in all others it is generally less accurate. Thus, if we turn to it for information as to the earlier artists, we find, p. 197, that John van Eyck was born in 1370 and died in 1441; this double error is repeated at p. 259, with a misprint of the Christian name. The copy in the Antwerp museum of the well-known Madonna with kneeling figure of Canon George van der Paele at Bruges is described thus:—"J. van Eyck. A 'Holy Family with Saints.' Very interesting and curious." Van Coeninxloo's *Adoration of the Magi* at Brussels is also given to Van Eyck, p. 223, and again p. 224, while, at pp. 109 and 265, two huge folios at the Trippenhuis, Amsterdam, are said to be filled with his etchings!! Van der Weyden is stated to have been born at Brussels about 1401, and to have studied in the school of the *Van Eycks* at Bruges! We have sought in vain for anything about Peter Cristus, or Gerard David, or their works. Theodore Bouts is to be found in the Index under *Van Haarlem*, Dirk, who, we are told, p. 224, "is also sometimes called Theodore *Stuerbouts*, which seems to have been the real family name of this

artist." After this we are not astonished to read that as to Memline nothing positive is known, and that he was born at Bruges in 1440!

Let us see whether the information as to later artists is any better. Not to be accused of picking out exceptional articles, we will follow the Index, which commences with Achenbach—we are not told whether Andrew or Oswald is meant; if the former he is correctly stated to have been born at Cassel, but how is this to be reconciled with the statement at p. 156 that he is a Dutchman? Next in order is Aftelev, Hermans, of whom we have never heard; we presume Saftleven is meant. Then comes Altébe, of whose existence we confess our ignorance; then Antonello de Messina, the note about whom at p. 194 is incorrect: his *Crucifixion*, p. 196, is not indexed. The landscape background of this picture reminds Lord Ronald of Raffaele; it is a copy from Memline, who was really the John of Bruges whom Antonello left Italy to study under. *Adrian Backer* should be Adrian de Backer. L. Backhuysen died, not in 1709, but on November 17, 1708. There is no such genre-painter as A. W. Bakker; the artist meant is A. H. Bakker-Korff, of whom our author has made two painters; and so it goes on.

The information given being so inexact, we hardly regret that the museums and churches of Bruges, Ghent, Courtray, Tournay, and Louvain are dismissed in a single page, and that no mention whatever is made of many private collections: such as, for instance, the Moretus collection at Antwerp; in which town no notice is taken of the works of Leys, Hendrickx, or Guffens and Sweerts. In Dutch and French words many errors occur: such as *femme hydrophique*, p. 41, *jemällin*, p. 76, *schulters*, p. 77, *gemalen*, p. 88, &c. English names of people and places are also frequently misspelt: as, for instance, St. Irudon, p. 71, Mount Cavalry, p. 204. Occasionally we come across sentences such as this:—"In Cock's right hand he holds a gauntlet," p. 76; and statements that are contradicted a few pages further on: e.g., pp. 34 and 41. The index of paintings at the end of the volume is comical.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

LONDON BRIDGE.

THE calm equanimity with which Englishmen allow both their town and country scenery to be disfigured by the works of the engineers is truly wonderful. Now and then, when the sites of the proposed works are very conspicuous, or when the proposals themselves are more than usually barbarous, a protest is made, and a correspondence got up in the newspapers, but even then it is seldom that any good is done. If any notice at all is taken of the objectors, the matter generally ends in a compromise all on one side. The engineers and their backers talk big, and use many fine-sounding technical words, and perhaps enlist on their side some well-known surveyor, whose opinion they quote as that of an eminent architect. The public is bewildered, and in the end contentedly accepts the assurance that some additional ornament will be added to the design, and that the work when executed will be very handsome. This, it will be remembered, was something like the history of the Ludgate Hill railway-bridge, of which we can only say that it would be improved if the "architecture," screwed on by way of compromise, were at once screwed off again; and

such, we fear, is not unlikely to be that of the proposed widening of London Bridge, which just now stands in great danger of being "beautified" after the manner of Blackfriars Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct. At present the case has only reached the big-talk stage, as an amusing example of which we may notice that in one journal the complete want of sympathy between the forms of the present bridge and those of Messrs. Jones and Gregory's proposed additions is dignified by the title of "Harmony of Contrast."

The first question which arises with respect to London Bridge is whether it is necessary or advisable to increase it at all; and on this point we entirely agree with those who contend that, sooner or later, another bridge must be built lower down the river, and that any enlargement of the present one could but give temporary relief, and would tend rather to increase than to diminish the inconvenience, from the concentration of traffic in one spot. Apart, then, from other objections, it would be but a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy to spend so much as 55,000*l.* upon such a work. But admitting the necessity of affording increased traffic facilities on the present bridge, the next question is how this may best be effected. Three proposals have been made: 1st. To widen the bridge with masonry, making the new part to correspond in every respect to the old; 2nd. To append to each side a footway supported upon iron scaffolding; and 3rd. To give up the whole present width to the carriage-way, and to suspend a footway upon pillars above it. The last seems, at first sight, rather grotesque, but it has the great merit of being comparatively cheap and easily removable, and if some temporary extra accommodation were absolutely necessary during the building of another bridge, this might be a very reasonable way of obtaining it. The second proposal is so mean that it is strange it should ever have been entertained at all by anybody except the engineers who elaborated it, and who regarded it simply as a problem of construction; nevertheless of several more or less objectionable forms of it the City authorities have made choice of the worst; and if it be carried out London Bridge must exchange its present simple and massive dignity for a commonplace vulgarity akin to Blackfriars and Westminster.

If the bridge is to be widened, the only permissible way is to do it in masonry, which unfortunately is not in favour with engineers just now, because it does not lend itself to the exhibition of *tours de force* as ironwork does. The objection of its greater cost is of no weight; for the money is to be had, and the stone bridge will be more worth its larger price than the iron bridge its smaller price. Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, can scarcely intend his words to be taken seriously when he urges that the difficulty of forming foundations for the new part of the bridge would be insuperable. The obvious answer is that the office which he holds should be filled by a man to whom the difficulty would not be insuperable.

J. T. MICKLETHWAITE.

JAPONISM.

Paris: Oct. 1, 1875.

It will be advisable to say what there is to be said on the subject of "Japonism" at once, before the daily occurrences of the world in which we live and move begin to reassert their claim.

Very soon public interest will again be completely engrossed by exhibitions and public sales, and our retirement and leisure for quiet study will be at an end. Deaths may take place and disturb our peace of mind. The first cold day will call us back to Paris. Let us, therefore, before the last red leaves have fallen, whose glowing beauty the poets of the Empire of the Rising Sun have so eloquently sung, glance at the translations and books which have lately appeared to improve our acquaintance with that charming land.

M. François Turrettini's name is already familiar

to you in connexion with the *Heike Monogatari* and his own translation of the amusing Japanese novel called *Komats et Sakitsi*. You are aware of his enthusiasm for everything Japanese, enthusiasm such that he prints his translations, French and Japanese side by side, at his own house. He is now publishing at Geneva two collections of articles by himself and other Japanese and Chinese scholars: such as M. Carlo Valenziani, of Rome; MM. Anselmo Severini and Carlo Picini, of Florence; and the Marquis d'Hervey, of St. Denis. They are coming out in numbers, at irregular intervals of time. One (in 4to) is called *Atsumi Gusa*, which, in poetical language, signifies *Herbes rassemblées*; another (8vo), *Ban-zai-sau*. No pains have been spared, as regards the quality of the paper and the letterpress, to make it an attractive book to genuine connoisseurs. The last number contains *l'Histoire de Taira*, taken from the *Nit-pon Gwai-si*, a very popular and celebrated story in Japan, written in the beginning of this century by San-Yo, of the province of Aki, which San-Yo, a young Japanese tells me, may be called the Voltaire of Japan. The epithet seems to me both characteristic and honourable, but, nevertheless, San-Yo is very far from possessing the method of the historian of the age of Louis XIV., and though I have read the translation of the first part of his work with the greatest care and attention I should find it very difficult to give a short sketch of it for my readers' edification. The author never takes a general view of things. Facts are strung together like the beads of a necklace. Now and then we come upon a typical anecdote, and occasionally the action and the situations are stirring and forcible enough to give prominence to some of the characters; but, generally speaking, the style is dry and yet vivid, like that of an old man telling stories in the chimney-nook, recalling his own fighting-days or else repeating the tales handed down to him by his father and grandfather.

But still we strongly recommend those who take any interest in the arts or psychology of this intelligent and chivalric race to read this number attentively (H. Georg, publisher, Geneva). It explains many of those scenes with which they will have been made so familiar by those works which are the glory of Japanese art—porcelain, albums, ivory, iron, lacquer-work, and the rest. It is the history of the insolent prosperity and final ruin of the Taira, one of the most powerful of the old feudal families of Japan. They were overthrown by the Genzi, who subsequently founded the Saikonnell rule and reduced the Mikado to subjection in very much the same way as the Mayors of the Palace did the King in France. The struggle lasted through the greater part of the twelfth century, and the alternate victories and defeats recall your Wars of the Roses. The banner of the Taira was red; the Mina Moto banner, white. The Genzi dwelt in the provinces of the south, and were, by nature, warlike and intractable. The Taira rallied round the Emperor and seem to have upheld the national faith—in spirit, at least, for Buddhism had adherents in both camps. Of all the political and warlike characters in the book Tada-Mori stands out the most prominently, and Kyo-Mori next. I mention these names because they have become legendary, as have also the innumerable brave and cunning feats by which both sides distinguished themselves in this great national war, a war which has supplied the painters, sculptors, poets, romance-writers and dramatists of the country with a thousand subjects for treatment. It is strange how much more artistic and refined these warriors, fierce and desperate as they were in action, must have been than ours of the Middle Ages or even of the Renaissance in the West. That they were so is proved by several anecdotes in this book, showing us that when they were at the point of death their thoughts would revert with loving anxiety to some roll of manuscript poems, some treasured musical instrument, the gift of a friend, &c. I allude to one closing scene, in par-

ticular, and a most picturesque and dramatic scene it is. The Imperial palace has been burned and sacked. The Imperial family is retreating before the insurgents from province to province, bearing with them the insignia of their investiture, the mirror, the sword, and the seal of the Kamis, which had been preserved in the Imperial Treasury. A great decisive battle has just been fought:—

"Alors Tomo-Mori [the general in command] se rendit sur le navire de l'empereur et voyant toutes les femmes se précipiter en avant de lui et demander des nouvelles de la bataille, il éclata d'un rire amer et dit: 'Les nobles ne me reconnaissent-ils pas comme supérieur en bravoure à tous les hommes des provinces de l'Orient?' Et comme on se lamentait, Tomo-Mori de sa main jeta hors du vaisseau les objets inutiles. Alors Toki-Ko [the mother of the Emperor] s'attacha à lui par une ceinture et plaça sous son bras l'épée précieuse et le cachet sacré. Puis ils montèrent tous sur le pont et se tenaient debout sur la proue. L'empereur avait alors huit ans. Il demanda à Toki-Ko ce que cela signifiait. Et celle-ci répondit: 'Les Barbares dirigent leurs flèches en grand nombre contre le navire impérial, c'est pourquoi il faut le transporter ailleurs.' Puis l'empereur et tous ceux qui l'entouraient se précipitèrent dans les flots et périrent. Toki-Ko suivit cet exemple, mais les soldats de l'armée d'Orient la retirèrent de l'eau par les cheveux et la firent prisonnière . . ."

The sequel of the war between these two families, which ended in the final usurpation of the power by Hiéyas, a man of superior nature, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, has just been made the subject of a novel by Mme. Judith Gautier, called *l'Usurpateur* (2 vols. duodecimo, published by A. Lacroix).

Mme. Judith Gautier, the eldest daughter of Théophile Gautier, has already published a charming book of Chinese poetry, called *Livre de Jade*, and an extremely original Chinese novel, *Le Dragon impérial*. Japan suits her natural genius as well as China, and gives her the same opportunity of displaying a thoroughly artistic learning. In some respects the personages are rather French, just as the Romans and Turks were in the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire. But the scenery in which she places them is worthy of the beautiful albums whence she draws her inspirations. In some of her pages, those for instance in which she describes the gardens of the Empress's palace and the theatre at Osaka, she exceeds even Gautier at his best in grace and refinement of style. M. Sayontzi, a young Japanese prince, living at present in Paris, translated some poems to her which she made the subject of a kind of Decameron scene of the most exquisite taste and originality.

Thus her novel is both pleasing and serious; full of fancy and also of trustworthy information. I must reveal to those who are taking note of the drawings of literary men that the two engravings which adorn the outside of the book are by Mme. Gautier herself; she has also a decided talent for sculpture.

The French Congrès Provincial des Orientalistes has just issued to members the volume containing the report of their inaugural meeting (1 vol. 8vo, publisher, Maisonneuve). Among other things it contains several translations from the Japanese: the legend of Susano-Ono-Nikoto, the oldest Japanese poem, translated by your countrywoman, Miss Charlotte Birch; a Japanese poem on Charlotte Corday, translated into French by M. Nomura Noakagu, of the province of Bizen; a short fragment of the history of Taikau-Sama, by M. Léon de Rosny; and some recollections of a residence in "l'Extrême Orient," by M. Madier de Montjau.

This volume contains some horrible engravings, from pictures in my possession, representing the body of the celebrated Japanese woman, Onono-Komati, renowned for her beauty, her misfortunes, and her poetic talent, in various stages of decomposition. All the documents relating to this fascinating and unfortunate creature, which I

published in *L'Art*, are now reprinted with these engravings, documents which it cost me infinite pains to rescue from oblivion, as for a long time I had nothing to guide me in my search but her portraits which I met with from time to time, some representing her radiant in youth and luxury; others, on the contrary, bowed down with misery and old age. I have since collected some more notes about her, and mean shortly to publish them all together. If any of your readers can throw fresh light on my beloved Onono-Komati, and will communicate with me on the subject, they will greatly oblige me.

M. Madier de Montjau, whose name I just mentioned, is also the author of a pamphlet entitled *Extérieur Comparé des Chinois et des Japonais* (published by Antonin Chossouner, 8vo, 16 pages). The notes for this little work were taken on the spot by a clear-sighted observer and a zealous philosopher. Ethnological enquiries led him on to psychological comparisons and historical hypotheses of the very greatest interest. The whole question of the origin, the mingling, the independence and intermarriage of the yellow, Mongolian, and Ainos races is known to be still very obscure.

"Japonism" is beginning to be everywhere in the ascendant. M. L. Serrurier, of Leyden, has just sent us a translation and exact reproduction of the chapter on quadrupeds, and of the first part of the chapter on birds in the popular Japanese Encyclopaedia, called *Kasira Gaki*. The translation is published in two numbers (in quarto, E. I. Brill, Leyden), and presents a most attractive appearance, both as regards the letterpress and the facsimile engravings. The *Kasira Gaki*—I shorten the name for convenience—is not a scientific work. The shape of the animals and objects is given with tolerable accuracy, but the explanatory notes are rather antiquated. I give a specimen of those which accompany the picture of the tiger—an animal, it is only fair to say, hardly known in Japan, save in some of the wilder provinces of the North. The notes are more poetical than correct, but not by any means stupid.

" . . . Le tigre a la forme du chat, il est grand comme un bœuf . . . Pendant ses excursions nocturnes, il jette des traits de lumière d'un de ses yeux et au moyen de l'autre il voit les objets. Son rugissement ressemble au bruit du tonnerre, et il est cause que le vent s'élève. Le tigre habite le sommet des montagnes, et on dit que quand il rugit tous les animaux se tordent de colère. . ."

M. L. Serrurier dedicates his admirable translation to his master, Dr. Hoffmann, who may be said to be the father of Japanese studies in Europe. He explains the method he adopted in translating and transcribing the text in his introduction. I only just notice this point, especially interesting to grammarians, without dwelling further upon it, in order that I may repeat that this book will furnish amateurs with a great deal of valuable information concerning the curiosities contained in their collections, carved ivory articles, porcelain, &c.

The *Kasira Gaki* must have passed through many editions. I possess five volumes of it, but have not yet been able to ascertain whether they form the whole work, as I know of no other copy existing in Paris. The text was evidently written a long while ago, and is in many respects very like our popular geography-books of the Renaissance period. I have seen two editions, one published in 1666, in which the figures are heavily drawn and printed, the other in 1781, greatly superior, and containing additional illustrations; this is the one which was copied for M. L. Serrurier, and from which he made his translation. It is full of valuable notes on the mythology, the botany, the customs, &c., of the country. It is to be hoped that the whole of it will be translated in time.

To complete our list of the works on Japan lately published in France, we must mention *Les Quatre Campagnes Militaires de 1874*, by M. Edmond Planchet (Michel Lévy, 1 vol. 18). The

four campaigns are the French expedition to Tonkin, the English to the Gold Coast, the Dutch to Sumatra, and, finally, that of the Japanese to Formosa. The last is the only one that at present concerns us. The massacre of a few Japanese fishermen by the natives of Formosa was the pretext. Formosa belongs to China, but virtually China exercises no power in the island. Evidently Young Japan were longing to try their new arms, and were on the look out for an opportunity. We shall be doing them no wrong if we hazard a conjecture that had the Formosa expedition not taken place there would have been intestine war between the dispossessed aristocracy and the new Government.

M. Edmond Planchet gives a short account of the expedition, and shows us how exactly alike modern and ancient Japan are in general character. The preparations for war were completed in May, 1874. They had been entered into with great zeal by the new Government in order to feed the warlike activity of the Samurais of Tota and Satsuma. General Saigo-Toto-Kon commanded the expedition. The Japanese troops attacked the enemy, who were, however, only armed with matchlocks, with daring bravery. The natives soon fled, leaving some of their number dead on the ground. The heads of the slain were cut off, carried in triumph to the Japanese camp, and exposed there for several hours. It seems as if the scenes of bloodshed which succeeded each other without any interruption in the wars of the Taira and the Genji are being enacted over again before us as we read M. Planchet's account of the Formosa expedition. The same indifference to danger, the same sacrifice of life in putting the enemy to rout, the same practice of exposing the gory heads to the gaze of the whole army in token of victory, and dwelling on the spectacle in an intoxication of delight. The same obedience and discipline, the same instinct of policy, too, for the troops were guilty of no excesses, and it was not long before China concluded a treaty with Japan, in which the latter was induced to evacuate the territory, which certainly she would rather have continued to hold. The love of war and glory is inborn with the Japanese. It looks very much as if the active part reserved for them to play in the destinies of the extreme East would begin with an expedition into Corea, an expedition which, it would seem, is already on the eve of being undertaken.

PH. BURY.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE have received from the print-sellers Messrs. Graves & Co. the catalogue compiled by Mr. Algernon Graves of the works of Landseer. Much pains and attention have no doubt gone to the production of this useful manual. It was at first printed for some temporary purpose, but has now been enlarged, including unengraved as well as engraved works, and "the more important subjects which are only partially known." Some short descriptive and anecdotic touches are also added. The catalogue begins with the year 1809, when Edwin Landseer was seven years old, *Heads of a Lion and Tiger*, etched; it ends with 1873, *Jolly*, not engraved, the last dog Sir Edwin painted; it belongs to his old friend Mrs. Prickett, to whom he presented it." The number of engraved works here recorded is 434; those unengraved seem to be less numerous, but, unless one were to count them up from page to page, the catalogue does not settle this point in an obvious way. Another deficiency—which may be partly unavoidable, but seems partly also voluntary—is that we are not told throughout in what mode of execution the works are done: for instance, under the year 1837, *The Highlands and Friends*, both "exhibited at the Royal Academy," may be oil-paintings, water-colours, crayon-drawings, or whatsoever else. None the less, the catalogue is a highly acceptable help to the study and tracing-out of Landseer's life-work.

THE exhibition of the Photographic Society has been open at the gallery of the Water-colour Society since September 29. The photographer whom we always look for first is Mrs. Cameron; and we regret to find this year nothing from her hand, so vigorous in bridging over the interval between photography and fine art. Another lady, Miss H. Paget, has done something noticeable in this line for the present exhibition, in a style, however, very different from Mrs. Cameron's: her *Tiresome Sunbeams* is especially artist-like and uncommon. Mr. Gillard's *Orange-blossom* does Cameronesque, but not very successfully: it is too uniformly slurred in contour. Messrs. Wyles and Co. give several brilliant studies of *Cloudland*; Mr. Faulkner some exquisite subjects of children and infants—soft, rich, and tender. The *Dorothy Morrison* and *Simplicity* are real masterpieces in their way; so are the *Physiognomical Studies* of Mr. S. G. Payne—inmates of the County Gaol at Aylesbury, photographed in the open air—a very numerous set of single heads, most curious and interesting to examine, and highly discouraging in aspect to the sanguine prison-reformer. Mr. Stillman's photographs done with the "Liverpool Emulsion" testify to the value of this combined solution; more especially the *Carisbrook Castle*, which is very mellow and fine. Several works by the late Mr. Rejlander are here, on sale for increasing the fund which is now being raised in his name. We may specify also examples sent by Messrs. Crawshaw, R. Mitchell, Hollyer, Todd, McLeish, Downey, Mundy, Spencer and Co., B. B. Turner, A. and J. Bool, Burton and Sons, F. T. Palmer, Stoddart, and Stenning, Captain Abney, and the Woodbury Printing Company.

THE death is announced of J. B. Carpeaux, the sculptor, at the age of forty-eight.

M. BERTRAND (*Revue Archéologique*, September), gives an account of a very remarkable discovery of antiquities at Græckwyl in the canton of Berne, in 1851. Two *tinuli* were opened, one of them yielding a bronze vase—with ornaments in relief and in the round on the neck and handles—of which an engraving accompanies the article. It is certainly curious, as M. Bertrand remarks, that a vase which from the artistic character of its ornaments can only be compared with Etruscan work, or better still with the gold ornaments from Camirus in Rhodes (in the British Museum and in the Louvre), should be found in the district of Berne, because it is not supposed that much of what is called civilisation had reached that quarter till Roman times, whereas the Camirus gold ornaments, which are exact counterparts of those on the Græckwyl vase, can be confidently assigned to the seventh century B.C. Perhaps the more archaic works of this kind are studied, the more it will be found that they prevail in the Greek islands—see, for instance, as to vases and terracottas, the guide books to the first and second vase-rooms of the British Museum. From this evidence such objects could be traced to a period of activity in maritime trade which might readily have attracted patrons or traders from even higher regions of Europe than Berne.

M. JEAN ENGELMANN, the inventor of chromolithography, has just died at Paris at an advanced age.

THE King of the Belgians has just purchased the last sketch of the famous series executed by Rubens to serve as models for the tapestries of Count Olivares. The Museum of Madrid possesses the whole series with the exception of this one, which was carried off during the Peninsular War under the First Empire, and sold to an English dealer. It afterwards became the property of the Marquis of Camden, from whom it passed into the Bredel collection, lately dispersed in London.

AN Oriental museum has been lately opened at Vienna, which is very curious and complete. It consists of fourteen rooms assigned to China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Tunis, and Morocco.

A well-known Orientalist, Baron Hoffmann, is at the head of this new establishment.

THE Musée des Antiques of the Louvre has been just enriched with six imperial busts, brought by M. Héron de Villefosse from Markonna, in Africa. They represent Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Lucilla, Aelius Verus, Septimius Severus, and Plautilla.

A CURIOUS museum has been opened at the Hôtel des Postes, at Berlin, containing models of the finest post-houses in Germany. Wax figures of the size of nature represent postillions in their dress and undress uniform; thirty models of carriages, two of post-wagons with their internal arrangements; maps, and geographical drawings, and a collection of 2,500 postage stamps of all the countries in the world.

THE French Chambers, in their budget for 1876, have placed 1,100,000 francs at the credit of the Minister of the Fine Arts for the restoration of the historical monuments of France.

It is announced that the long-lost *Madonna with the Child*, of Vandyck, of which countless copies exist in various parts of Europe, has at last been discovered in the original. The picture has formed the altar-piece to the chapel of an obscure German cloister, and was found there by the Flemish painter Georg van Haanen. After slight restoration it is now to be seen entirely uninjured and in its pristine condition.

THE well-known landscape-painter, Thomas Ender, for many years Professor at the Academy of Arts at Vienna, died on September 29. Ender was born in 1793, and accompanied the expedition to Brazil in 1817 as professional artist. The result was the collection of 700 drawings and studies still to be seen in the Brazilian Cabinet at Vienna. He afterwards distinguished himself by his studies of European landscape.

DR. HANS HILDEBRAND, the Swedish antiquary, has just made a peculiarly interesting discovery in the neighbourhood of Christianstad. At Nymö, near that town, a tumulus from the Bronze Age was examined, in which, under a great heap of stones, were found two burnt corpses and a small bronze ring. In a stone chest close by were found the bones of about twenty persons, all buried in a sitting posture, together with two amber beads and a bone spear-head. But the most important discoveries were made in a wholly untouched "Jettestue" at Fjellingke. By the side of the entrance were several hundred fragments of richly ornamented clay pots, and two flint axes. Inside were found human skeletons, a quantity of amber, a perforated animal tooth, four bone vessels, flint knives, &c. In the southern portion of the chamber itself were the bones of four sitting figures, and a skull was picked up in perfect preservation. Unfortunately, the roof gave way, which made it impossible to investigate the northern part of the chamber. Bones of domestic animals were scattered everywhere. The great importance of this discovery consists in the strong additional evidence it gives of the existence of domestic animals in Sweden during the Stone Age.

DR. HIRSCHFELD has written home to announce his arrival at Athens, and the successful beginning of the German excavations at Olympia. All the necessary preparations had been made for the work before Dr. Hirschfeld's arrival by Dr. Athanasius Demetriades, the commissioner appointed by the Greek Government to co-operate with the German directors. The operations are being begun in a line with the excavations made by the French in 1829, when they came upon the spot at which the character of the broken friezes and portions of the roof found indicated the site of the temple of Zeus. It is hoped by Drs. Hirschfeld and Demetriades that by following this track they may discover some of the numerous other buildings which were enclosed within the boundary-walls of the ancient Altis. It is understood that the German work of exploration

tion will be carried on with the proper degree of efficiency for two years, at the end of which time its further prosecution will have to be determined by a Commission at Berlin, presided over by Professor Curtius. In the meanwhile we wish Dr. Hirschfeld all possible success, and shall watch with interest for the appearance in print of the Journal which he has undertaken to draw up of the progress of the undertaking.

THE last three numbers of *L'Art* are devoted to Michel Angelo, and give an interesting account of the centenary festival, of Commendatore Gotti's life of the master—from which several new letters are translated—and of his most important works. The illustrations are admirable, many of them being facsimiles from some of the more important drawings by Michel Angelo in the Louvre, Uffizi, Ambrosiana, and other collections. Such works as these have a high artistic value, and their reproduction is a real boon to art-students. But, beside these, *L'Art* gives us numerous engravings of the principal palaces of Florence and the wonderful treasures of art they contain. In the first number of the three, for instance, we find: a large engraving, by Perrichon, of the Cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its splendid Renaissance columns and elegant fountain surmounted by Verocchio's celebrated bronze statue; an etching by N. Martinez, of Benvenuto Cellini's colossal bust of Cosmo I. de' Medici; another, by Le Rat, of the bust of a woman, from Mino da Fiesole's bas-relief in marble in the Museo Nazionale (the bas-relief itself being also given in another illustration); and two good engravings of Sandro Botticelli's and Perugino's altarpieces in the Academy at Florence, the former representing the Virgin and Child with SS. Damian and Cosmo and others, and the latter, a dead Christ on the knees of the Virgin, mourned by saints—a somewhat stiff but touching Pietà that we do not remember to have seen engraved before. All these are engravings *hors texte*, and there are double the number in the text, so that it will be seen that the pictorial wealth of these numbers is very great. They form, indeed, the most attractive publication of the centenary, and have a solid value as containing much of the matter published in the Italian works on the subject in a French translation. We shall soon, we believe, be able to announce an important English work on Michel Angelo that will contain a translation of all the letters and new material published by Commendatore Gotti; but, meanwhile, it is pleasant to learn a little about the rich treat in store, by means of the criticism and translations of a few of the letters that have appeared in the different art-journals. *L'Art*, beside translations, gives a facsimile of one of the letters of Michel Angelo to his father, Lodovico. These Michel Angelo numbers are, of course, more expensive than the ordinary ones, but they contain so many excellent illustrations that they are fully worth the extra price.

A PORTRAIT of Corot has been sent to Florence by his family to be added to the grand collection of portraits of artists painted by themselves in the Uffizi.

MEISSONIER's celebrated painting of the *Cuirassiers de Reichshoffen* has been sold, it is reported, to an American gentleman for the sum of 30,000 francs.

HERR VIKTOR VAN STUERS, one of the foremost promoters of art-education and art-reform in Holland, has recently accepted office in the Dutch Ministry. It is believed that this will have an important influence on the progress of art in Holland.

THE triennial international exhibition of works of art now open at Brussels contains as many as 1,850 works. Of these, Belgian artists contribute 453 paintings, French 146, German 117, Dutch 51, Italian 16, English 10, Swiss 5, Spanish 2, American 1, and Russian 1. Of the French paintings,

most have been exhibited before at the Salon, but such works as Falguière's *Lutteurs*; *Le Régiment qui passe*, by Detaille; the *Fin d'Été*, and a child's portrait, by Carolus Duran; and even the violent and unpleasant *Rizpah* by Becker, will well bear being seen again even in the same season. Among the new French pictures exhibited, *L'Accord Difficile*, a group of three figures round a harpsichord, by M. Goupil; *Le Retour du Corsaire*, by M. E. Richter; *Les Chênes des Bretons*, by M. Chabry; and *Le Matin: près de Rome*, by M. van Thoren, are perhaps the most deserving of attention.

But notwithstanding the number and general excellence of the French and German works, the Belgian painters decidedly hold their own in this international exhibition. One of the latter, M. Charles Hermans, has made a considerable sensation by his large and striking picture, entitled *L'Aube*, a street scene in Belgium at the break of day. The scene is in many respects as painful as that of M. Fildes' *Casuals*, and is rendered with the same powerful realism. Miserable women in faded silk attire, and half-drunken men who are turned out of a restaurant where they have spent the night in a wild debauch, contrast with the toil-worn workmen going to their daily labour; while over all the revealing light of a summer's morn is gradually stealing.

The medal for landscape-painting has been awarded to M. Joseph Coosemans, who exhibits three pictures possessing many of the characteristics of the old Dutch landscapists, but many other landscapes are equally distinguished for their truth and sentiment. The general excellence of the landscape-painting forms indeed one of the chief features of the Brussels exhibition. The sculpture is neither more abundant nor more remarkable than we usually find it in modern exhibitions. The most striking work represents a number of joyous children taking hands and dancing, we may suppose, round the mulberry bush. It is by M. J. Lambeaux—a large group in terra-cotta.

M. CHARLES BLANC—one of the few writers on art who know how to be readable as well as how to be learned—has an article in Sunday's *Temps* on "Some Forerunners of Michel Angelo." He has been to Assisi, and found himself in the Church of San Francisco; and having sketched its environment, he exclaims:—

"But what a profusion of pictures! How many artists have here deposited their *chefs-d'œuvres*, wishing to surpass themselves in the adornment of such a sanctuary? Cimabue himself—the wild Cimabue—is humanised. His virgins, always rigid, always immobile, have here an appearance of movement, a suspicion of life. Their eyes, elsewhere always haggard, have lost something of their fixity, and are less frightening. The child Christ is less savage."

And then he discourses of Taddeo Gaddi, and in this wise:—

"Sur nos têtes, dans le transepto de droite, se déroulent les fresques grandioses de Taddeo Gaddi, Florentin, et de son élève Giovanni da Milano, fresques en partie ruinées, qui ont excité l'enthousiasme de Rümohr, lequel les a décrites soigneusement et vantées peut-être outre mesure. Cependant, Taddeo Gaddi est un second Giotto, et il l'a prouvé surtout dans le sujet qu'il a peint sur la paroi qui touche au buffet de l'orgue et qui est coupée obliquement par un escalier de marbre. Une jeune fille, précipitée du haut d'une terrasse, est sauvée par l'intercession du saint. Elle paraît deux fois dans le même fresque, ici tombant sur le pavé, là, ressuscitée, au milieu d'un groupe de personnages parmi lesquels on reconnaît Dante, Giotto et Gaddi lui-même. Ah! Il est bien loin de nous, le temps où la peinture s'exprimait avec tant de simplicité et de naturel, avec tant de sentiment! où l'artiste avait une manière si naïve d'aller droit à la pensée, et de mettre sans détour devant les yeux ce qu'il avait dans l'âme!"

"C'est à peine si Giotto est plus touchant dans la fresque des *Stigmates de Saint François*, qui, au milieu de tant de peintures hautes en couleur, nous arrête par la teinte monochrome dans laquelle est repré-

sentée l'extase du saint moine, à la vue du crucifix qui lui apparaît sanglant, avec de grandes ailes clouées sur sa croix, pendant que le compagnon du saint reste plongé dans la méditation sans rien voir de cette apparition tragique."

M. Blanc then proceeds to the description of *Chastity and Poverty*—two of Giotto's works with which either travel or art-literature has familiarised most educated Englishmen. It was—as the extracts will show—the object of M. Blanc, in his article, to write for the less learned of his readers.

THE STAGE.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE, we are sorry to hear, is seriously unwell, and unable to resume work at the Olympic, after a brief holiday.

MR. DUTTON COOK has resigned the post of dramatic critic of the *Poll Mall Gazette*, which he has held for the last eight years, and has transferred his services to *The World*.

THERE have been revivals since we last wrote, but the only new piece of the week in London is, after all, not strictly new—Lecocq's *Fleur de Thé*, done in English at the Criterion Theatre by a company organised by M. Pitron and his acting manager, Mr. J. W. Currans. *Fleur de Thé* is acted by Miss Sudlow, a *débütante* showing some dramatic as well as vocal capacity, Miss Burville, whose pleasant but very young voice is heard too little, Mr. Walter Fisher, one of the best representatives of such a part as he here assumes, and Mr. F. Clifton and E. Marshall. It is received with approval by an audience appreciating what is, in the main, a refined performance.

THE popular *East Lynne* is now nightly acted at the Globe, in place of the melancholy little drama which vainly essayed to win permanent favour. But the public, in getting *East Lynne*, gets something to the full as melancholy. The dramatised version of Mrs. Wood's novel nevertheless succeeds in interesting an audience. For those who do not go to be amused, or to follow with any profound sympathy the fortunes of the heroine, the piece is a curious study. The qualities of the novel are sufficiently reflected in the play, and even the lachrymose bearing of the principal actress—an actress whom a previous performance at the Haymarket showed to be by no means without talent—is in complete accord with the conception of the authoress, so far as one has a right to judge it by its embodiment in her book. Mrs. Wood displays to us in the drama now presented to us at the Globe Theatre her capacity for furnishing strong dramatic scenes, and for connecting these scenes by others which without being precisely natural, are yet undoubtedly ingenious. *East Lynne* is a clever piece of mechanism. But its dialogue, sufficiently prosy in the more level scenes, becomes hopelessly inadequate in the great and moving ones. Here all the success that is made is made entirely by the authoress, in strength of situation: and never through the dialogue. And if in the more level scenes the dialogue fails to be lively or characteristic, in the stronger scenes it fails to be natural. There is here, in question and in answer, in repartee and soliloquy, no sign of capacity to track the current of human emotion. The wife, dying in an easy chair—and in sight for the first time for very long of the husband she had left—becomes instantly eloquent and declamatory. Her lord it is true, is more equal to the occasion—that is, his representative at the Globe Theatre carries reticence of manner rather far. Earlier, there has been a scene of more immediately appealing pathos—the unrecognised mother bending over the form of her dying child. Miss Ward is admired in this scene; but the whole performance can hardly be described as successful from a strictly artistic point of view. The highest art would perhaps be out of place in a performance immediately pre-

ceding the first act of the *Brigands*, in which the spectator, freed from the care of close attention to the interest of the story, has leisure to observe that there are plenty of lights, and a clever movement of sham cavalry, and that Miss Nellie Bromley is dressed with a more excellent regard to harmonies of colour than it is common to see either in street or theatre. He observes these—having little else to observe.

ON Monday night, the Royalty Theatre, reopened, under new management—that of Mr. Charles Morton—but with a programme with which last season's visitors to the playhouse were familiar. M^{me}. Dolaro returns to town to give that performance of *La Périhole* whose merit as a light dramatic "creation" has already been dwelt upon in these columns. A trained actress and singer is here seen in a representation which takes rank for ability of a very unusual kind, with those of Judic, Chaumont, and Théo. The subject is unpleasant, but the treatment by M^{me}. Selina Dolaro is of consummate cleverness. *Trial by Jury* is also in the programme: the part of the too captivating plaintiff is now no longer played by Miss Nellie Bromley; but Mr. Sullivan is still the Judge, and is still a prey to influences to which, in his judicial capacity, he should hardly succumb.

THE chronicle for the week shows unmistakably that Opera bouffe is an "unconscionable time in dying." The Alexandra Theatre, Regent's Park—in other words, in Park Street, Camden Town—is re-christened the Park Theatre; and there Miss Soldene, a veteran performer, opens with *Geneviève de Brabant*—Mr. Rouse coming to her assistance, and Miss Clara Vesey, who is not without refinement, and Miss Amalia, who was at the Vaudeville for a brief season, and the agile M^{lle}. Sara, from the great theatre in Leicester Square.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON returns to the London Stage on November 1, in that performance of *Rip Van Winkle* on which alone, in England, his fame rests.

A *Crown for Love*—a "new historical play"—will be given at the Gaiety next Saturday morning. Mr. Ryder, Mr. W. Rignold, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. Maclean, and several actresses will be included in the cast.

The Doctor's Brougham is the name of the new farce found laughable at the Strand. It is from a French source.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, in the course of her provincial tour, has now reached Brighton.

MISS WALLIS is acting tragedy at Plymouth.

THE performance of Mr. Byron's witty comedy at the Haymarket is now preceded and not followed by *Spring Gardens*, with Mr. Buckstone, Miss Walton, and Mr. Conway—the last of whom, as a contemporary quite truly says, looks as if he had just stepped out of a drawing by Gravelot that admirable and too little valued master of last century interiors and costumes: a designer of sometimes Watteau-like grace and sharpness.

THE Court Theatre will reopen much later than had been originally intended, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will be seen from the opening night. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Hollingshead and Mr. Hare will resume their pleasant performance in a *Nine Days' Wonder*; and on the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will act in their favourite comedieta called *Uncle's Will*. Mr. Clayton and Miss Amy Fawsitt appear to be no longer of the company.

MR. PALGRAVE SIMPSON and Mr. Hermann Merivale have in rehearsal, it is announced, at the Mirror Theatre, a drama bearing the title *All for Her*.

A NEW comedy by Mr. Burnand himself will be played to-night, when the Opéra Comique opens under his management. The cast appears to be a good one.

SIGNOR ROSSI's adventure at the Salle Ventadour has been so successful that he purposes remaining in Paris for most of the winter, and will present to Parisian audiences Italian versions of French plays with which they are well acquainted, such as the *Ruy Blas* of Victor Hugo, and the *Kean* of the elder Dumas.

M^{lle}. FARGUEL has reappeared at the Ambigu in *Rose Michel*, her great success of last season.

SCRIBE wrote, now many years ago, in that bold French which the public knows, but also with *habitude de la scène* which the public knows too, a little piece—"a vaudeville without couplets"—called *Oscar, ou le Mari qui trompe sa Femme*. The Théâtre Français has this week revived the little piece; not, however, with the success that usually follows each effort of the theatre now in special vogue. Playgoers ask of it, "Is it only this?" and come away disappointed. The disappointment has given rise to a discussion in the Paris press. The fashionable dramatic critic of the day, in France, has defined a vaudeville as a piece in which both passion and peculiarity of character are subordinated to the story; and an explanation of the cause of failure of Scribe's work at the Français is sought in the conjecture that the Théâtre Français may no longer be the fitting field for work such as that:—

"On fait malgré soi un rapprochement entre les grandeurs que comporte ce nom: la *Maison de Molière*, et ses légères productions d'un art évidemment inférieur et qui en paraissent peu dignes. Cette comparaison était moins cruelle autrefois. On avait moins le goût de la réalité; et les conventions étaient plus généralement admises. A cette heure, tout ce qui sort, au Théâtre Français, du bon caractère et de la vérité, est renvoyé aux théâtres de second ordre, et encore là, les Meilhac, les Labiche, les Sardou, même les Augier et les Barrière, quand ils y ont mis le pied, nous ont-ils habitués à une observation plus exacte des mœurs humaines."

Coquelin has been blamed for having played Oscar as a *valet de chambre* of seventeenth century comedy: for having played it as Ravel or Geoffroy; but his admirers urge that in this he has done right. "Le rôle est de simple vaudeville." Undoubtedly on a great stage like that of the Théâtre Français, more ample gestures, a broader and more brilliant diction would be advisable. But Coquelin, it is urged, does not want these qualities. He has them, and he uses them in the right place. He does not make Scribe's Oscar a man of the world. And why? Because Oscar is a creature of fancy—the commonplace fancy of the vaudeville—and is not an individual whom you might meet and recognise. But Régnier, it is retorted—Régnier was different. Very true, say the friends of Coquelin—he created the part twenty years ago:—

"Les idées n'étaient pas les mêmes. Toutes les réflexions que je viens de présenter, et qui bouillonnent obscurément dans l'âme du public d'aujourd'hui, n'y étaient même pas à l'état latent. Régnier a donc parfaitement fait de donner à Oscar l'allure d'un bourgeois de notre temps. Coquelin a mieux fait encore en lui imprimant le cachet d'un Pierrot de la vieille comédie."

But the success of the evening appears to have been for M^{lle}. Samary, who that night completed the series of her débuts. Nothing, says the prophet of the Parisian stage, could be prettier, fresher, more piquant than that soubrette. That gaiety of sixteen years old is so communicative. And then, what an admirable voice! What a Toinette, what a Dorine—what soubrettes of Molière—these débuts promise us.

THE new *féerie* at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau is founded on one of the pleasantest fables of M. Laboulaye: a politician, a professor, and a man of imagination. But it is easy to understand that in the hands into which it has fallen, it has had to submit to many curious transformations and to treatment which does it no good. And

indeed wit and imagination do not greatly characterise the work as it emerges, in the form of a *féerie*, for the delight of the Parisian lovers of spectacle.

M. CARAGUEL devotes an interesting feuilleton to Rossi, the Italian tragedian, who, as stated in another column, is staying in Paris to act there. "Ten years ago," says the critic, "Rossi appeared for the first time before a Parisian public. He was much liked then; but since then his talent is strengthened and enlarged. To-day, without dispute, he is the most remarkable tragedian that we know. The translation of *Othello*, which is due to M. Carcano, is the most exact that exists. Presumably it is not the version made use of by Salvini in London. It gives every word of the text with the most scrupulous fidelity. That, in our opinion, is the only way in which fitly to translate a great poet. True, this is an Italian translation, and it is not every one in Paris who knows Italian. Still, more know it than know English; and, moreover, in this Salle Ventadour we have been so long accustomed to hear Italian sung that we may well submit to hearing it spoken. The declamation, in Italian, does not altogether resemble our own. It is more hurried, more familiar, and, in so far, more natural; but there is somehow less elevation about it, and it seems in less exquisite taste. What is more important is that they give us the true Shakspeare, and that *Othello* is played by a tragedian who has not nowadays any equal. That sombre figure of the Moor of Venice, Rossi has understood and rendered with an incomparable art and science. No one can imagine the tragic effect of that scene in which *Othello* seizes Iago by the throat, nor the profound sadness of the monologue which begins—

'It is the cause, it is the cause.'

Rossi, so to say, brings to life again the great actors of the Romantic period, that death or age has removed from the scene." So far M. Caraguel, who has, it must be remembered, never shown himself a very enthusiastic admirer of the new group of tragedians now at the Français—a group of which M^{lle}. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Mounet Sully are the chiefs.

A SPECIAL telegram to the *Times* reports the revival of *La Fille de Roland*, at the Théâtre Français, after a short absence from the stage. The *Times* correspondent expresses the opinion that M^{lle}. Sarah Bernhardt's performance in this play—albeit at first a graceful rather than a great one—will be ranked among her most finished successes. She lays hold of the audience more firmly as each act proceeds. We shall shortly return to the subject, to discuss some characteristics of M^{lle}. Bernhardt's art.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second of the Saturday Concerts, which took place last Saturday, was on the whole decidedly superior in interest to its predecessor. It opened with one of Mendelssohn's posthumous works—the so-called "Trumpet Overture" in C, a truly remarkable composition for a lad of sixteen (and the composer was no older when he produced it), but more distinguished by the excellence of its workmanship than by musical inspiration of idea. Few composers have ever been so severely self-critical as Mendelssohn, and the present was one of the works which he considered unworthy of publication. After repeated hearings it is difficult not to be of his opinion. There is abundance of spirit in the music, but there is little individuality, and the principal themes are not remarkable either for originality or charm. Mendelssohn's position as a composer is too firmly established to be injured by the publication of his less mature works; but they certainly do not add to his fame, and at most are only of value as showing the steps by

which he arrived at maturity. To the overture succeeded Mozart's lovely song "Una aura amorosa" (from *Così fan Tutte*), well given by Mr. Vernon Rigby. Miss Anna Mehlig, a pianist who has not been heard for some considerable time in this country, brought forward Chopin's concerto in E minor. The two concertos of Chopin occupy a niche of their own in pianoforte literature. Constructed on the model of Hummel's concertos, they abound in highly original passages for the solo instrument, and are of such difficulty that only pianists of the very highest attainments can attempt them with any hope of success. In some respects they are certainly ineffective; Chopin had not that skill in handling larger classical forms which would enable him to give the necessary unity of idea to an elaborately developed work; while as a writer for the orchestra he was so inexperienced that his accompaniments too often obscure the solo instrument, instead of (as should be the case) bringing it out into stronger relief. Yet, in spite of these shortcomings, it is impossible for a musician to hear these works without interest, because every page bears the stamp of an original mind. Miss Mehlig's performance of the very exacting work was excellent. Her mechanism appears to be absolutely faultless; all the most crabbed passages came from under her fingers with the utmost possible distinctness; and to this perfect technique was joined an abundance of feeling and expression. If the performance had a fault it was an excess of delicacy—almost a welcome shortcoming after the "slashing" style of some players; in some of the quieter passages the piano was nearly inaudible. For this, however, the blame must be laid, at least in part, on Chopin's ineffective instrumentation already alluded to.

Mdme. Sinico-Campobello was heard in Beethoven's well-known "Ah, perfido!" one of his earlier works, written when he was still largely under the influence of Mozart. Of the great Beethoven of *Fidelio* we find here but little trace. The music is very effective, and abounding in fire and dramatic force; but one feels more or less the presence of Mozart throughout. Especially is this the case with the lovely slow movement "Per pietà non dimmi addio," which breathes the spirit of the composer's great predecessor in every bar. Almost the only genuine touch of Beethoven is at the change of time (*più lento*) in the last movement, to the words "Dite voi se in tanto affanno." The scena was on the whole well rendered, but Mdme. Sinico took the slow movement decidedly too fast.

The symphony of this concert was one of Haydn's, given on this occasion for the first time. It is one which has only recently been published, and, though containing no feature calling for special remark, is distinguished by that geniality and that happy flow of melody which make Haydn's symphonies so delightful to listen to.

True to his excellent plan of producing, if possible, at each concert one work by an Englishman, Mr. Manns brought forward, as the finale on Saturday, a new overture by Mr. W. G. Cusins, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The overture is entitled *Love's Labour Lost*, and is intended as a musical illustration of Shakspeare's comedy. So far as can be judged from the hearing on Saturday, we are inclined to consider it decidedly superior to the same gentleman's overture to *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, produced at these concerts last season. The present is an exceedingly melodious and pleasing work, which, though avowedly programme-music, is written in classical form; it is very clear in construction, and excellently scored for the orchestra. Mr. Cusins may be heartily congratulated on his latest effort. The remainder of the concert calls for no notice.

EBENEZER PROUT.

MR. CARL ROSA seems determined not only to present with the utmost completeness every work given under his direction, but to carry out as far

as possible all the promises of his prospectus. During the few weeks which have elapsed since the opening of his season a large variety of operas have been produced; and we have now to chronicle the latest novelty in the revival of Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*. It was this work that on its production at Drury Lane in 1835 first brought its composer prominently into public notice as a writer for the stage. Though we learn from Balfe's recently published biography that it had a run of nearly seventy nights after its first performance, it has been so seldom given since that there was probably not one person in fifty at the Princess's Theatre who had ever heard the work before, and its revival was, therefore, from a historical point of view of considerable interest. The general impression produced by the music is that it is thoroughly characteristic of Balfe's style. It is full of pretty and somewhat ear-catching tunes; but of true dramatic feeling there is little trace, and the larger concerted pieces—such, for example, as the long introduction, or the finale to the first act—are mere commonplace imitations of the modern French and Italian Opera style. The libretto is of very indifferent merit. Among the most pleasing numbers may be mentioned Michel's opening song, "Travellers all, of every station," "When I beheld the anchor weighed," and the quartet "Lo, the early beam of morning." Beyond the vein of melody which runs through all Balfe's music, there is, however, but little to call for notice in the *Siege of Rochelle*. The popularity which attended its first production would seem to imply that at that time our public must have been very badly off indeed for music. We are none the less indebted to Mr. Rosa for the opportunity of forming a judgment of a once much lauded work. The performance was, on the whole, an excellent one. The principal parts were filled by Mdme. Torriani, Miss Gaylord, and Mr. Santley. A new tenor, Mr. D. H. Bates, made his first (and, as it proved, his last) appearance at the first performance of the work. His success was not such as to warrant a second attempt, and on its repetition his place was efficiently filled by Mr. Nordblom. The secondary characters were sustained by Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Messrs. Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Snazelle, and Ludwig. We understand that Cherubini's *Water Carrier* (*Les Deux Journées*) is about to be put into rehearsal, and shall look forward to this as one of the best of the many good things for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Rosa.

At this afternoon's Crystal Palace Concert, beside other works of importance, Bach's great Church-cantata, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit," is to be performed.

THE directors of the Alexandra Palace seem desirous of gaining for their establishment a reputation for music similar to that enjoyed by the Crystal Palace. A series of Saturday Concerts is announced which resembles in plan those which have so long been a chief feature of attraction at Sydenham. The prospectus gives a list of works to be brought forward which, as regards novelties, is not unworthy of comparison even with the Crystal Palace manifestos. Beside the well-known instrumental masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, representative specimens of the works of distinguished French and German composers, including many living musicians, are to be given. Among the names announced are those of Saint-Saëns, Duvivier, Gevner, Niels Gade, J. J. Abert, Svendsen, S. Jadassohn, R. Fuchs, Vierling, Ambrose Thomas, Suppé, Massenet, Guiraud, Raff, F. Lachner, and Félicien David. English music is also to be prominently brought forward, no less than fifteen English names being given in the prospectus. A revival of special interest will be Handel's first English oratorio, *Esther*, which has not been performed in public for many years. It is, we think, unfortunate that the directors have selected Saturday

afternoons for their concerts, as it will be impossible for the many lovers of high-class music who already patronise the Crystal Palace Concerts to be also present at the Alexandra: it is also obvious that the reporters for the press cannot be in both places at once.

Two well-known professors have just resigned their posts at the Paris Conservatoire—M. Alard, the violinist, and Mdme. Viardot-Garcia, the great vocalist. M. Alard, who had occupied his position for thirty-three years, is succeeded by M. Maurin, formerly one of Baillot's most brilliant pupils at the Conservatoire; while M. Barbot, a well-known tenor singer, who in 1859 "created" the part of Faust at the Théâtre Lyrique, and who is likewise an old pupil of the Conservatoire, replaces Mdme. Viardot-Garcia.

TO-MORROW M. Padeloup's Concerts Populaires will be resumed for the season, with a programme including Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Reber's overture to *Naim* (first time), Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," a *Largo* by Handel, and Beethoven's Septett.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CAMDEN MISCELLANY, by E. PEACOCK	395
DUTT'S PEASANTRY OF BENGAL, by J. INNES MINCHIN	396
GREENWOOD'S WILDS OF LONDON, AND HILL'S HOMES OF THE LONDON POOR, by H. B. WHEATLEY	396
JAMES'S TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES, by the Rev. H. G. WOODS	398
SOREL'S DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, by G. MONOD	399
RECENT CONTROVERSY ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION, by the Rev. W. H. SIMCOX	400
PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE EPPING FOREST COMMISSION, by Prof. J. W. WILLIS BUND	401
NEW NOVELS, by the Rev. DR. LITTLEDALE	402
CURRENT LITERATURE	403
NOTES AND NEWS	404
NOTES OF TRAVEL	405
NEW YORK LETTER, by Miss J. L. GILDER	406
SELECTED BOOKS	407
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
The Bruges Madonna, by W. H. James Weale; <i>Julio Romano a Sculptor</i> , by Hodder M. Westropp; <i>The Judge who committed Prince Henry</i> , by Clements R. Markham; <i>Alba Longa</i> , by Dr. H. Schliemann	407-8
STRANGE'S DEVELOPMENT OF CREATION ON THE EARTH, by F. W. RUDLER	408
FAUSBÖLL AND CHILDERS'S EDITION OF THE JĀTAKA, by T. W. RHYS DAVIDS	408
THE CAVENDISH LABORATORY, CAMBRIDGE, by J. E. H. GORDON	411
SCIENCE NOTES (ASTRONOMY, MICROSCOPY)	411
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES	412
GOVERNOR'S POCKET GUIDE TO THE GALLERIES OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM, by W. H. JAMES WEALE	413
LONDON BRIDGE, by J. T. MICKLETHWAITE	413
JAPONISM, by PH. BURTY	413
NOTES AND NEWS	415
THE STAGE	416
CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS, by EBENEZER PROUT	417
MUSIC NOTES AND TABLE OF CONTENTS	418

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